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THE MOST POPULAR NATIONAL SONGS

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GILBERT CLIFFORD NOBLE, *A.B.* (*HARVARD*)
Compiler of "The Most Popular Home Songs," "The Most Popular College Songs," and "The Most Popular Love Songs"

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE
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CONTENTS

SONGS OF PATRIOTISM

	Page
America	5
American Eagle, The	15
Battle Cry of Freedom, The	14
Battle Hymn of the Republic	26
Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free	25
Columbia, Hail!	18
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean	4
Dixie's Land	39
Flag of Our Union Forever, The	8
God of Our Fathers	24
God Reigns	9
Great God of Nations!	97
Hail, Columbia!	16
Home of the Happy and the Free	22
Hurrah for Our Banner	11
John Brown's Body	27
Just Before the Battle, Mother	34
Marching Through Georgia	33
Maryland! My Maryland!	37
My Country Dear	23
My Country 'Tis of Thee	5
My Native Land	109
Oh, The Land that We Love	20
Our Banner	10
Our Country's Flag	3
Our Land, O Lord!	21
Rally Round the Flag	6
Red, White and Blue, The	4
Round the Old Camp Fire	90
Star Spangled Banner	1
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!	30
We're Tenting To-night	32
When Johnny Comes Marching Home	28
Yankee Doodle	29

SONGS OF LOYALTY AND SENTIMENT

Annie Laurie	55
Auld Lang Syne	90
Ben Bolt	66
Dearest Spot is Home, The	48
Do They Miss Me at Home	51
Do They Think of Me at Home	49
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	69
Evening Bell, The	87
Girl I Left Behind Me, The	38
Good-Night	71
Home Again	46
Home, Can I Forget Thee	17
Home, Sweet Home	47
How Can I Bear to Leave Thee	31
Juanita	68
Just a Song at Twilight	64
Larboard Watch	60
Last Night	63
Last Rose of Summer, The	71
Love's Old Sweet Song	64
Massa's in De Cold Ground	44
Midshipmite, The	56
My Old Kentucky Home	42
Nancy Lee	58
Old Arm Chair, The	52
Old Black Joe	41
Old Familiar Place, The	50
Old Folks At Home	40
Old Oaken Bucket, The	53
Sailing	54
Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot	90
Soldier's Farewell	31
Stars of the Summer Night	65
Swanee River	40
Sweet and Low	70
Then You'll Remember Me	62
Tom-Big-Bee River	45
Two Roses, The	67
Vacant Chair, The	36
When Jack Comes Home Again	54

NATIONAL HYMNS

Abide With Me	85
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	80
Come, Thou Almighty King	85
Gloria Patri	83
God Be With You	89
How Gentle God's Commands	80
I Love to Tell the Story	78
In the Sweet Bye and Bye	86
Jerusalem the Golden	82
Jesus Lover of My Soul	73
Lead Kindly Light	77
Lord's Prayer, The	83
My Faith Looks Up to Thee	84
Nearer, My God, to Thee	35
Now the Day is Over	84
Old Hundred	81
One Sweetly Solemn Thought	87
Onward Christian Soldiers	76
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	72
Rock of Ages	79
Softly Now the Light of Day	81
Sweet Hour of Prayer	74
Thanksgiving	7
What a Friend We Have in Jesus	75
Work for the Night is Coming	88

THE NATIONAL SONGS OF OTHER NATIONS

Austrian National Hymn	107
Blue Bells of Scotland, The	102
Charles John, Our Brave King (National Song of Sweden)	111
Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls, The	115
Holland's National Hymn	113
Hungarian National Hymn	116
King Christian (National Song of Denmark)	112
Maple Leaf Forever, The (National Song of Canada)	96
March of the Men of Harlech (National Song of Wales)	100
Marseillaise, The (National Song of France)	104
Norwegian National Hymn	110
Polish Hymn	114
Rule Britannia (National Song of Great Britain)	93
Russian Hymn	105
Russian National Hymn	106
Spanish National Song	108
Watch on the Rhine, The (National Song of Germany)	103
Wearing of the Green, The (National Song of Ireland)	98

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THE MOST POPULAR NATIONAL SONGS.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by Francis Scott Key. **Music by John Stafford Smith.**

Solo or Quartet.
1. Oh,.... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Chorus.
ff
night that our flag was still there. Oh,... say, does that star - span - gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh,
cres.
ff
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4 Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Words and music by Richard Wagner.

Moderato.
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the thunder and car-nage of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave! Cho - sen of God while His pow'r we a - dore;
Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from mountain to shore.
Lib - er - ty's van for man-hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass-ing o'er.
Em-blem of Freedom, hope of the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.
Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark-en a star.
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty one, ev - er-more.

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THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Words by David T. Shaw. Music by Thomas à Becket.

1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. The.... star - span-gled ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
The shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion A.... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free-dom's foun - da-tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev-er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
Thy.... mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When.. Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar-lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But... hold to their col - ors so true;
Thy ... ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
With her flag proud-ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue;
The.... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

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Thy..... ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The..... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

AMERICA.

Words by Samuel Francis Smith. **Music by Henry Carey.**

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Con spirito.

1. Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
2. Float-ing high a - bove us, Glow-ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,
On the land and seas; Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that heed no brag,
Of a free - dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with pre - cious blood?
Gallant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag!
Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood, Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood.
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
Float-ing high a - bove us, Glow-ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,
On the land and seas; Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For
Of a free-dom won, Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For

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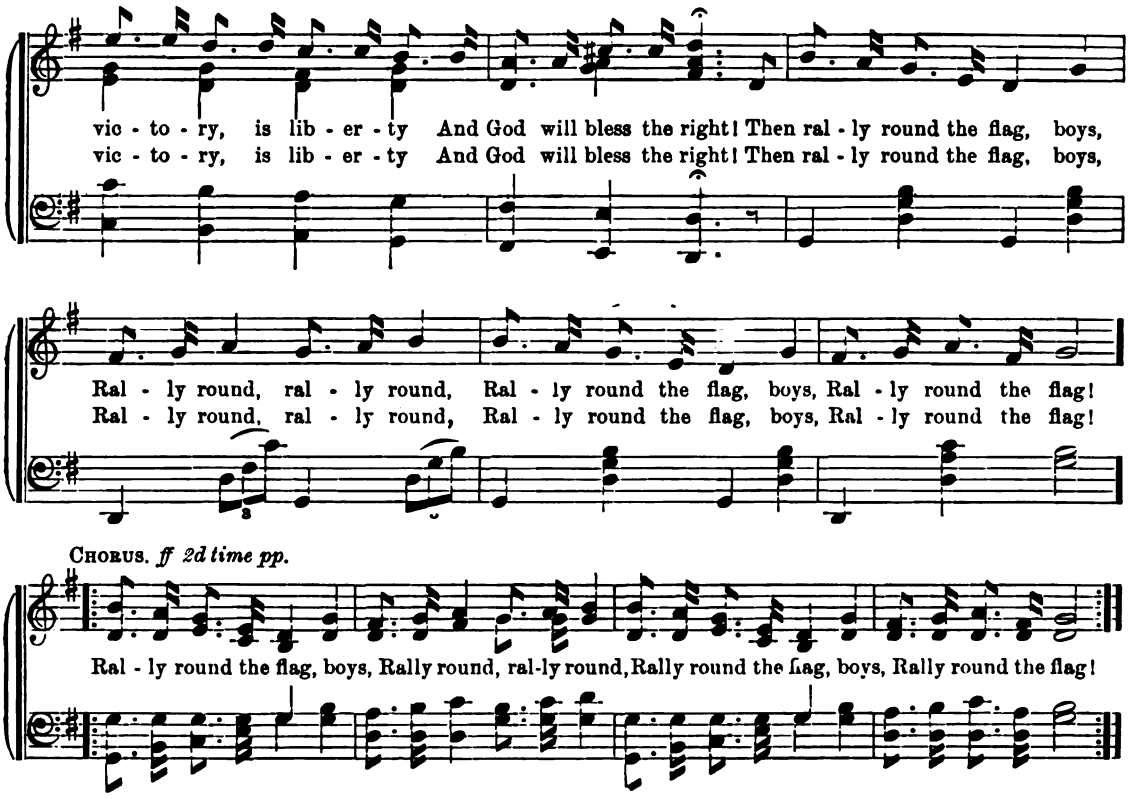
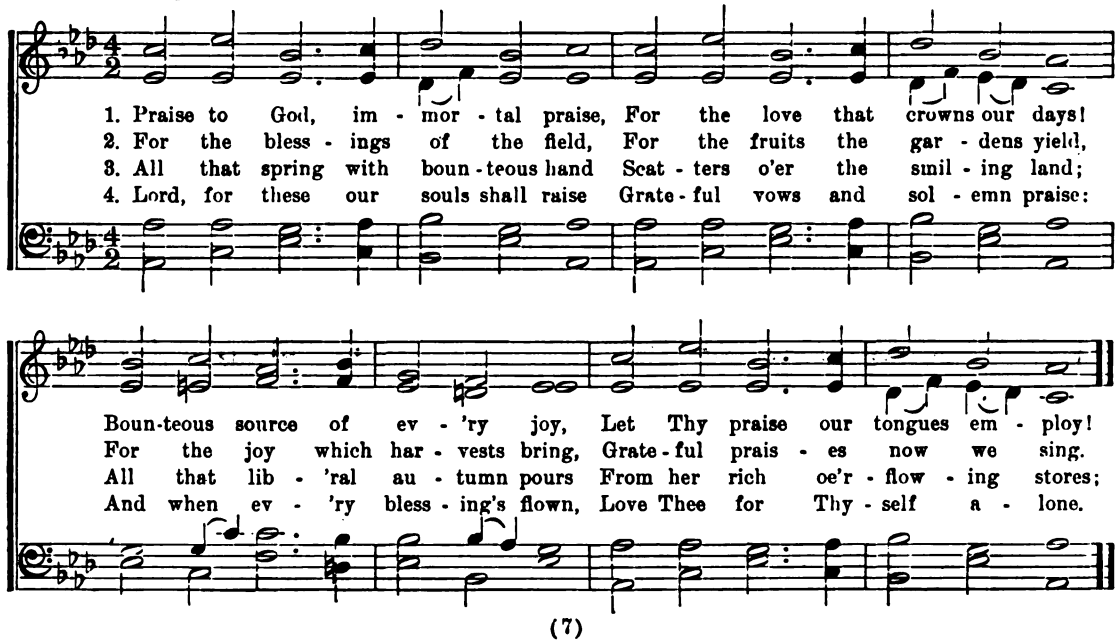
RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.


vic - to - ry, is lib - er - ty And God will bless the right! Then ral - ly round the flag, boys,
vic - to - ry, is lib - er - ty And God will bless the right! Then ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!
Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!
Chorus. ff 2d time pp.
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Rally round, ral-ly round, Rally round the flag, boys, Rally round the flag!

THANKSGIVING.

Words by Anna L. Barbauld. **Music by Ignace Pleyel.**


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless - ings of the field, For the fruits the gar - dens yield,
3. All that spring with boun - teous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
4. Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise:
Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy!
For the joy which har - vests bring, Grate - ful prais - es now we sing.
All that lib - 'ral au - tumn pours From her rich oe'r - flow - ing stores;
And when ev - 'ry bless - ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy - self a - lone.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

Con spirito.

mf SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.

Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.

A song for our banner, the watchword re-call, Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta - tion. "U -
m
ritard.
a tempo.
ni - ted we stand, di - vid - ed we fall," It made and pre - served us a na - tion.
ritard.
a tempo.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

"GOD REIGNS."

Words by Francis Scott Key. **Music by Felix Mendelssohn.**

1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And
2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare, From
3. May ev - 'ry moun - tain height, Each vale and for - est green, Shine
rules the world be - low, Boundless in pow'r and love. Our thanks we bring In
foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Thy care. For this fair land, For
in Thy word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen. May ev - 'ry tongue Be
joy and praise, Our hearts we raise.... To heav'n's high King.
this bright day, Our thanks we pay,.... Gifts of Thy hand.
tuned to praise, And joined to raise.... A grate - ful song.

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OUR BANNER.

Words by A. R. Robinson. **Music by Carl Wilhelm.**

f Tempo di Marcia.
1. A - bove our Un - ion, broad and wide, From o - cean - side to o - cean - side,
2. This flag shall nev - er suf - fer wrong; For all with mus - ket, sword, and song,
3. Our shouts shall ech - o round each throne, Till Free - dom o'er the world is known,
From north - ern hills to south - ern plains One ban - ner shows that Free - dom reigns,
Will leap from plow and bench and till, Like one to work dear Free - dom's will.
Till all man-kind, in ev - 'ry clime, Shall join the cho - rus, grand, sub - lime.
mp
And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds of stripe and star;
Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star;
Ten mil - lion swords the guar - dians are Of Free - dom's flag of stripe and star;
pp cres - - cen - - - - - do. ff
And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds... of stripe and star.
Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star.
Ten mil - lion swords the guar - dians are Of Freedom's flag.... of stripe and star.
pp
ff

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HURRAH FOR OUR BANNER.

(UNISON SONG.)

Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.

Allegro Marziale.
f TRUMPET.
pp ECHO.
f
rit.
f
Tempo di marcia.
f
1. All for - ward to bat - tle the trum - pets are cry - ing; For - ward, all
2. All for - ward to con - quer where free hearts are beat - ing, Death to the
f
mf
mf
for - ward our flag is.... fly - ing. When Lib - er - ty calls us we lin - ger no
cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing. When Lib - er - ty calls us from moun-tain and
mf

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f
ff
lon - ger, Foe-men come on though a thou-sand to one. Lib - er - ty,
val - ley, Wav-ing her ban - ner she leads in the fight. For - ward, all
f
ff
mf
Lib - er - ty, death - less and glo - rious, Un - der thy ban - ner thy
for - ward the trum - pets are cry - ing, Drums beat to arms... and our
mf
f
sons are vic - to - rious, Free souls are val - iant and strong arms are stron - ger,
old... flag is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong bands a - round it shall ral - ly,
f

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cres.
God shall go with us and bat-tles be won.
For-ward to bat-tle for God and the right.
cres.
TRUMPET. f ECHO. pp
f Molto maestoso.
Hur-rah for our ban-ner, Hur-
f ritard. f f
ff
rah for our ban-ner, Hur-rah for our ban-ner, the flag of the free.
ff

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THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our b'oth - ers gone be - fore,
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
Chorus.
Fortissimo.
The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur-rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the stars; While we
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout-ing the bat - tle - cry of Free-dom.

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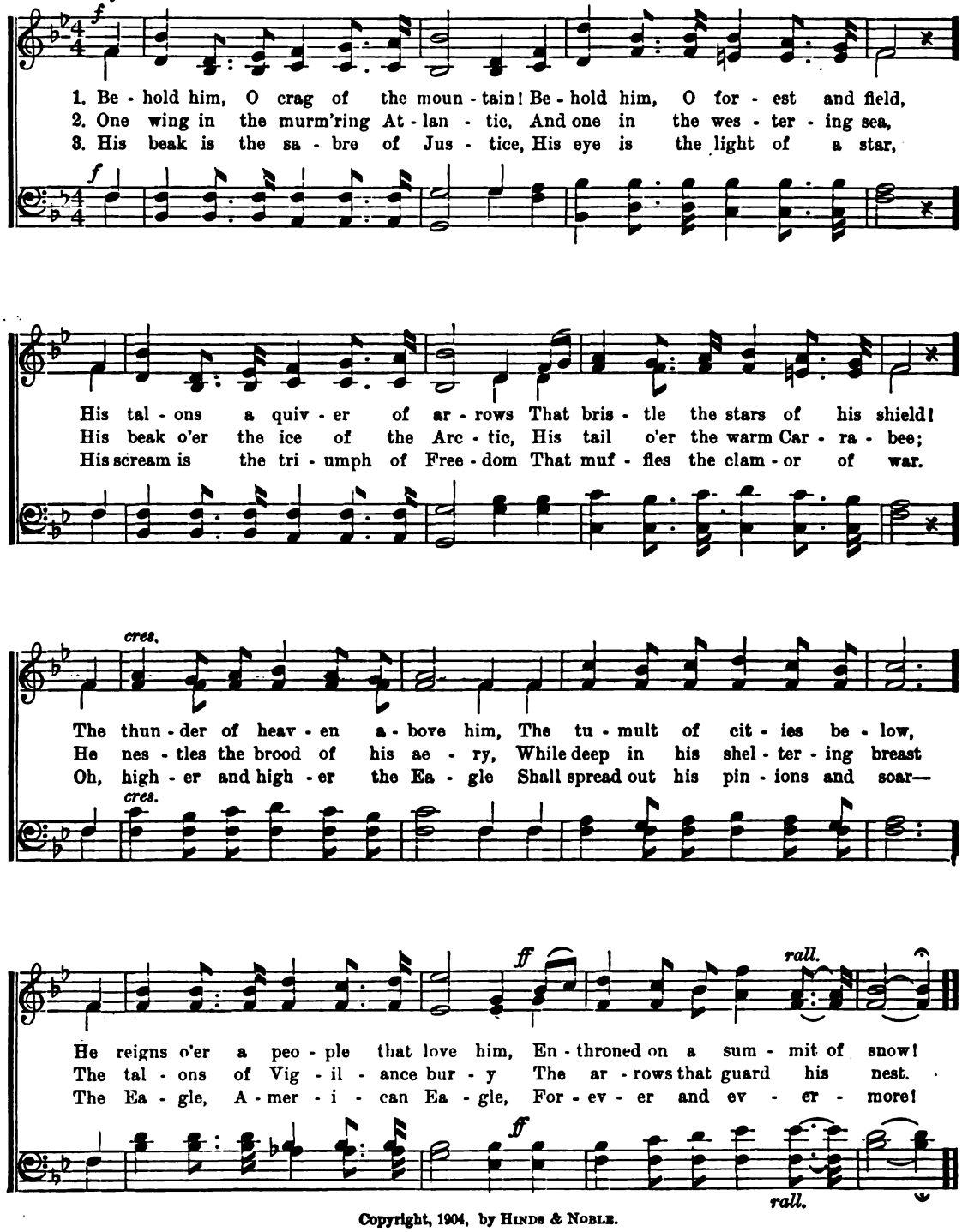
THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Words by Aloysius Coll. **Music by Adolph M. Foerster.**

Allegro maestoso.


f
1. Be - hold him, O crag of the moun - tain! Be - hold him, O for - est and field,
2. One wing in the murm'ring At - lan - tic, And one in the wes - ter - ing sea,
3. His beak is the sa - bre of Jus - tice, His eye is the light of a star,
His tal - ons a quiv - er of ar - rows That bris - tle the stars of his shield!
His beak o'er the ice of the Arc - tic, His tail o'er the warm Car - ra - bee;
His scream is the tri - umph of Free - dom That muf - fles the clam - or of war.
cres.
The thun - der of heav - en a - bove him, The tu - mult of cit - ies be - low,
He nes - tles the brood of his ae - ry, While deep in his shel - ter - ing breast
Oh, high - er and high - er the Ea - gle Shall spread out his pin - ions and soar—
ff
rall.
He reigns o'er a peo - ple that love him, En - throned on a sum - mit of snow!
The tal - ons of Vig - il - ance bur - y The ar - rows that guard his nest.
The Ea - gle, A - mer - i - can Ea - gle, For - ev - er and ev - er - more!

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HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Words by Joseph Hopkinson. **Music by J. Fayles.**

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land!... Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band!
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots! rise once more, De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore;
3. Sound,.. sound the trump of fame!... Let..... Wash - ing - ton's great name
4. Be - hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands,
Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause,
Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand,
Ring through the world with loud ap - plause, Ring through the world with loud ap - plause;
The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat;
And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well - earned prize.
Let ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear.... Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear.
But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast,... Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;...
While off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
With e - qual skill, with god - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

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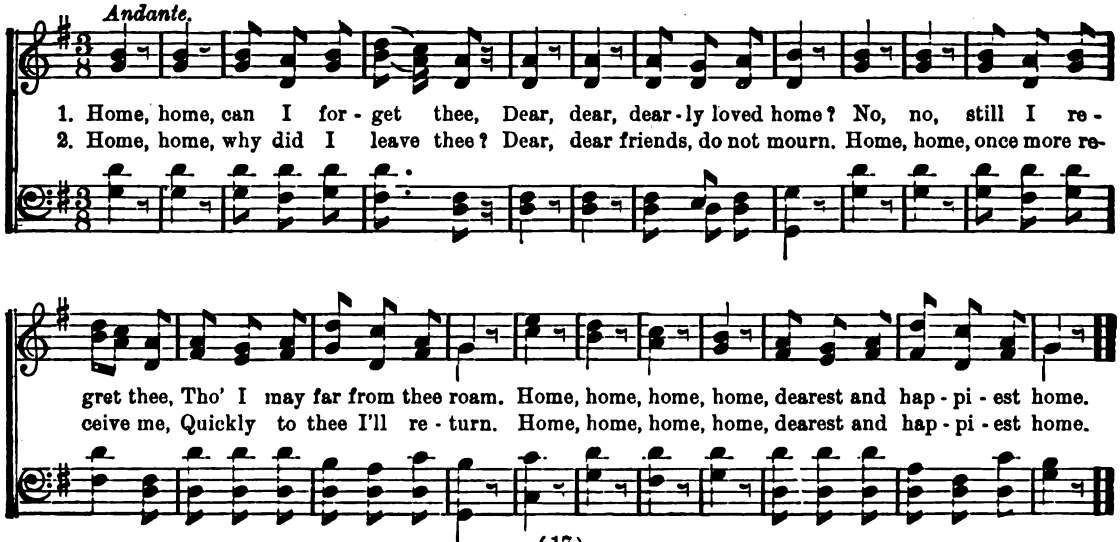
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize,.... Let its al - tar reach the skies.
Truth and Jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.
Chorus.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace.... and.... safe - ty we shall find.

HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE.


Andante.
1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re -
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more re-
gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam. Home, home, home, home, dearest and hap - pi - est home.
ceive me, Quickly to thee I'll re - turn. Home, home, home, home, dearest and hap - pi - est home.

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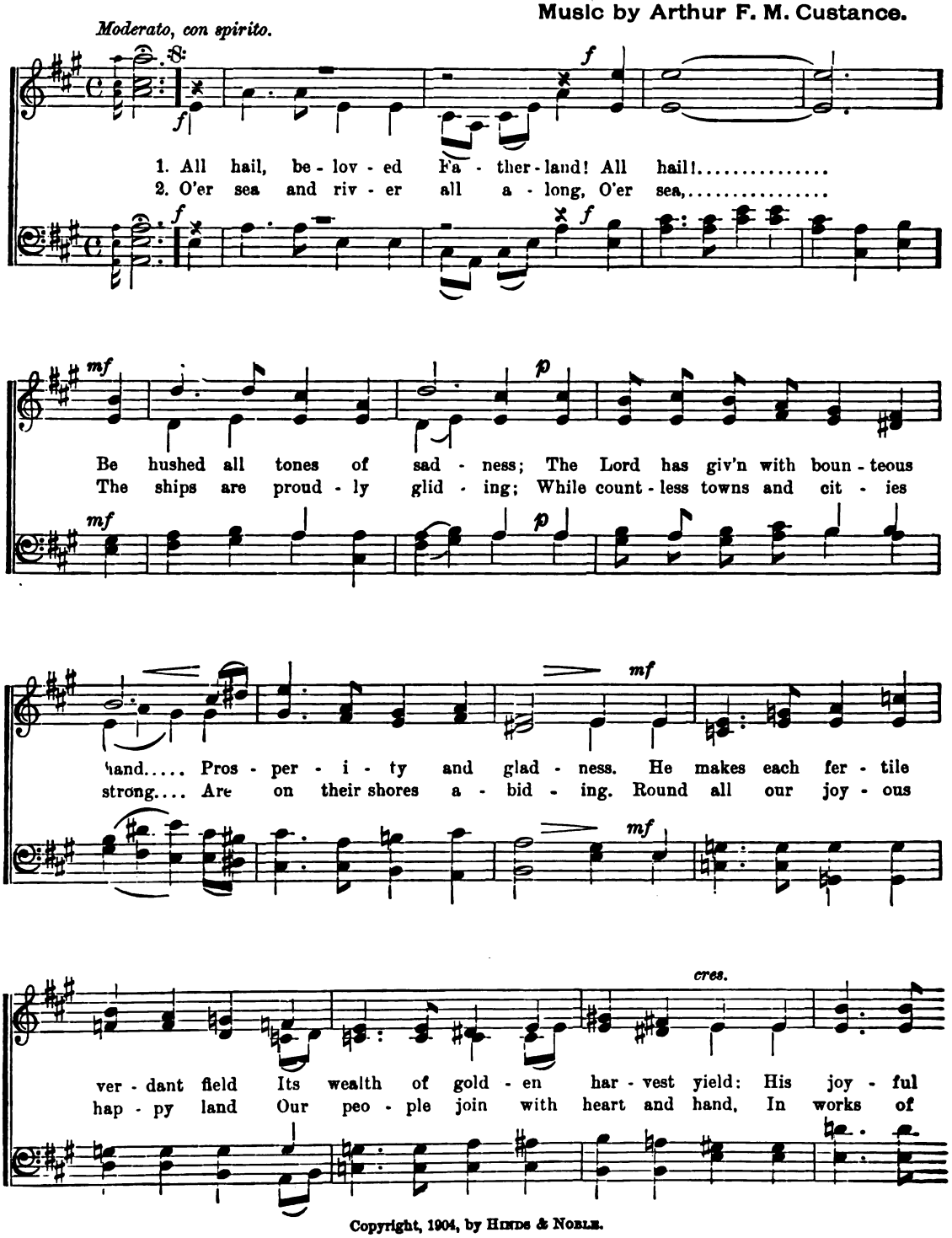
COLUMBIA, HAIL!

Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.


Moderato, con spirito.
1. All hail, be - lov - ed Fa - ther - land! All hail!.....
2. O'er sea and riv - er all a - long, O'er sea,.....
Be hushed all tones of sad - ness; The Lord has giv'n with boun - teous
The ships are proud - ly glid - ing; While count - less towns and cit - ies
hand..... Pros - per - i - ty and glad - ness. He makes each fer - tile
strong.... Are on their shores a - bid - ing. Round all our joy - ous
cres.
ver - dant field Its wealth of gold - en har - vest yield: His joy - ful
hap - py land Our peo - ple join with heart and hand, In works of

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OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE.

Words by L. F. Lewis. **Music by Michael W. Balfe.**

Solo.
1. Oh, the land that we love is our own native land, Spreading proudly from sea un - to sea;
2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, my own native land, Ev - ery sword shall unsheath'd quickly be;
f molto staccato.
Her mountains so grand-ly like sen - ti-nels stand, E'er guarding the land of the free.
And ev - er to guard thee we firm - ly will stand, U - nit - ed, de - ter - mined, and free.
In her broad fer - tile val - leys her children may dwell, Un - mo-lest - ed by ty-rant's de - cree;
In that mo - ment of dan - ger when freedom shall call All the fet - ters-less sons of her pride,

* The entire melody should be first sung as a solo, or in unison, repeating from the star in chorus.

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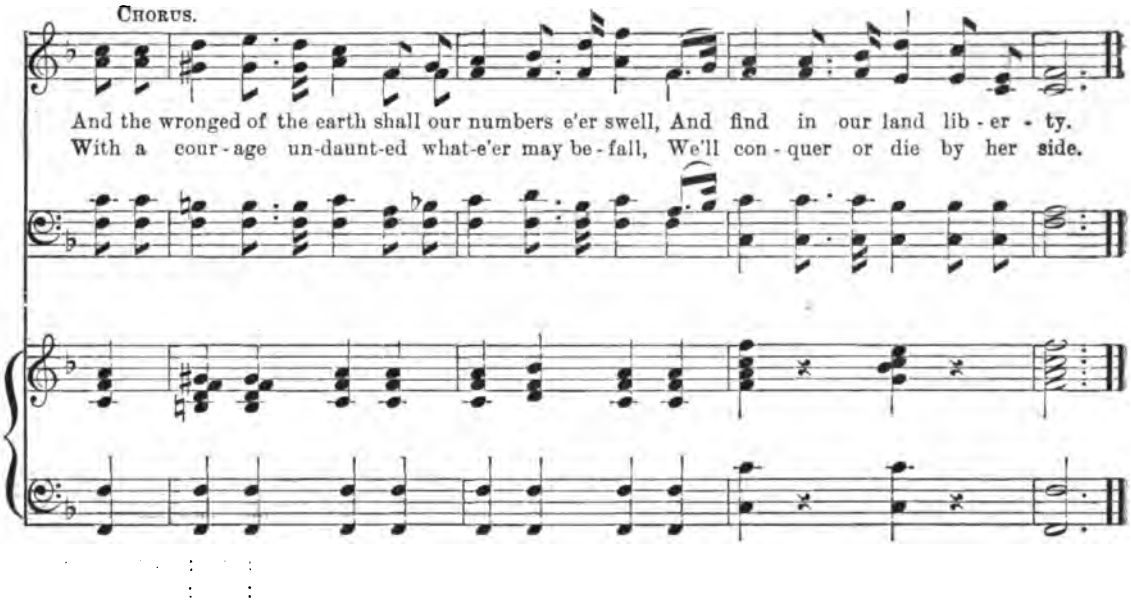
OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE.


Chorus.
And the wronged of the earth shall our numbers e'er swell, And find in our land lib - er - ty.
With a cour - age un-daunt-ed what-e'er may be - fall, We'll con - quer or die by her side.

OUR LAND, O LORD!

Music by Michael Haydn.

1. Our land, O Lord! with songs of praise Shall in Thy strength re - joice,
2. Thy sure de - fence, thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our coun - try's name,
3. In deep dis - tress a pa - triot band Im - plored Thy pow'r to save;
4. Thus, Lord! Thy won - drous pow'r de - clare, And still ex - alt Thy fame;
And, blest with Thy sal - va - tion, raise To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.
And all her hum - ble ef - forts crowned With free - dom and with fame.
For lib - er - ty they prayed; Thy hand The time - ly bless - ings gave.
While we glad songs of praise pre - pare For Thine al - might - y name.

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HOME OF THE HAPPY AND THE FREE.

Words by Arthur Berry. **Music by Frederic H. Pease.**

Con anima. f
1. Home of the hap - py and the free, My na - tive land, my na - tive land,
2. Thy sons are the first in art and song, My na - tive land, my na - tive land,
cres.
For - ev - er dear thy name shall be, My na - tive land, my na - tive land.
As well as in the war - like throng, My na - tive land, my na - tive land.
cres.
m
How oft my voice is raised for thee, Thou glo - rious land of lib - er - ty,
Their hearts are al - ways stout and strong, To guard the right a - gainst the wrong,
m
For thou art all the world to me, My na - tive land,.... my na - tive land.
And bear the bat - tle flag a - long, My na - tive land,.... my na - tive land.

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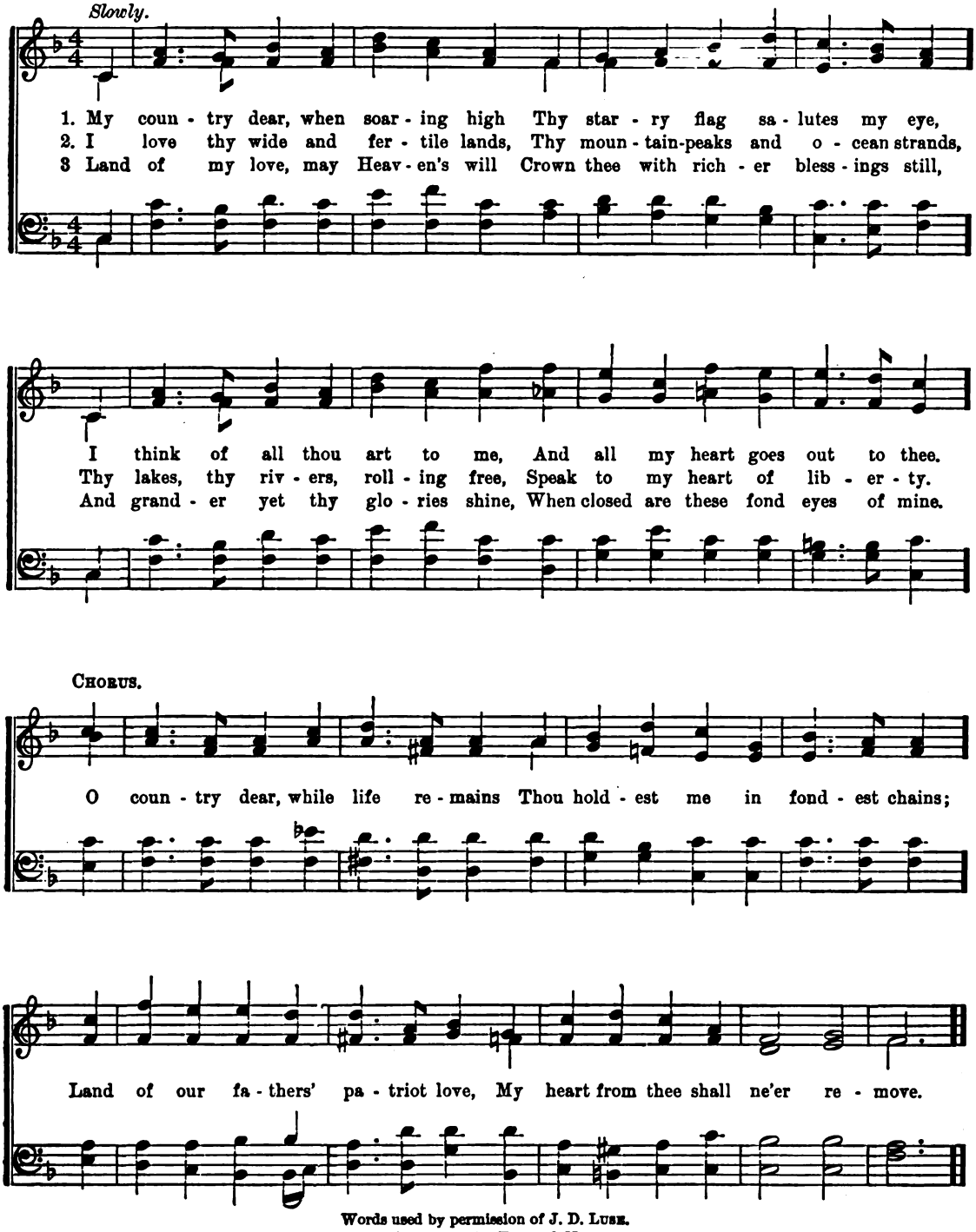
MY COUNTRY DEAR.

Words by T. J. Sheppard. **Music by Carl F. Price.**


Slowly.
1. My coun - try dear, when soar - ing high Thy star - ry flag sa - lutes my eye,
2. I love thy wide and fer - tile lands, Thy moun - tain-peaks and o - cean strands,
3 Land of my love, may Heav - en's will Crown thee with rich - er bless - ings still,
I think of all thou art to me, And all my heart goes out to thee.
Thy lakes, thy riv - ers, roll - ing free, Speak to my heart of lib - er - ty.
And grand - er yet thy glo - ries shine, When closed are these fond eyes of mine.
Chorus.
O coun - try dear, while life re - mains Thou hold - est me in fond - est chains;
Land of our fa - thers' pa - triot love, My heart from thee shall ne'er re - move.

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GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

Words by Rev. S. Wolcott, D.D. **Music by Geo. B. Nevin.**

1. God of our fa - thers, let Thy face T'ward the Re - pub - lic ev - er be!
2. Un - to our Pres - i - dent im - part Sus - tain - ing trust, dis - cern - ing sight,
3. With - in our Con - gress let the fire Of pa - tri - ot - ic love a - bide;
4. Up - on our judg - es let the seal Of Thy di - vine a - noint - ing be—
En - com - pass it with strength and grace, And law com - bine with lib - er' - ty.
The hom - age of the loy - al heart, The stead-fast cour - age for the right.
Its coun - cils lead, its acts in - spire, And in the na - tion's halls pre - side.
The wis - dom calm, the right - eous zeal, The robes of truth and e - qui - ty.

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COLUMBIA, GOD PRESERVE THEE FREE.

Music by Joseph Haydn.

1. Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!
2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids sla - v'ry flee!
3. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty - rants know thy might and flee.
When the storms are round thee swell - ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee.
Land whose name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free;
Free - dom's cause on earth de - fend - ing, Man has set his hope on thee;
God is with thee, wrong re - pell - ing: He a - lone thy cham - pion be.
Ours thy great - ness, ours thy glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee.
Wide - ning glo - ry, peace un - end - ing, Thy re - ward and por - tion be.
Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Co - lum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!
Ark of Free-dom! Glo - ry's dwell-ing! Co - lum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!

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BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by Julia Ward Howe. **Music by W. Steffe.**

Allegretto.

1. Mine.... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
he - ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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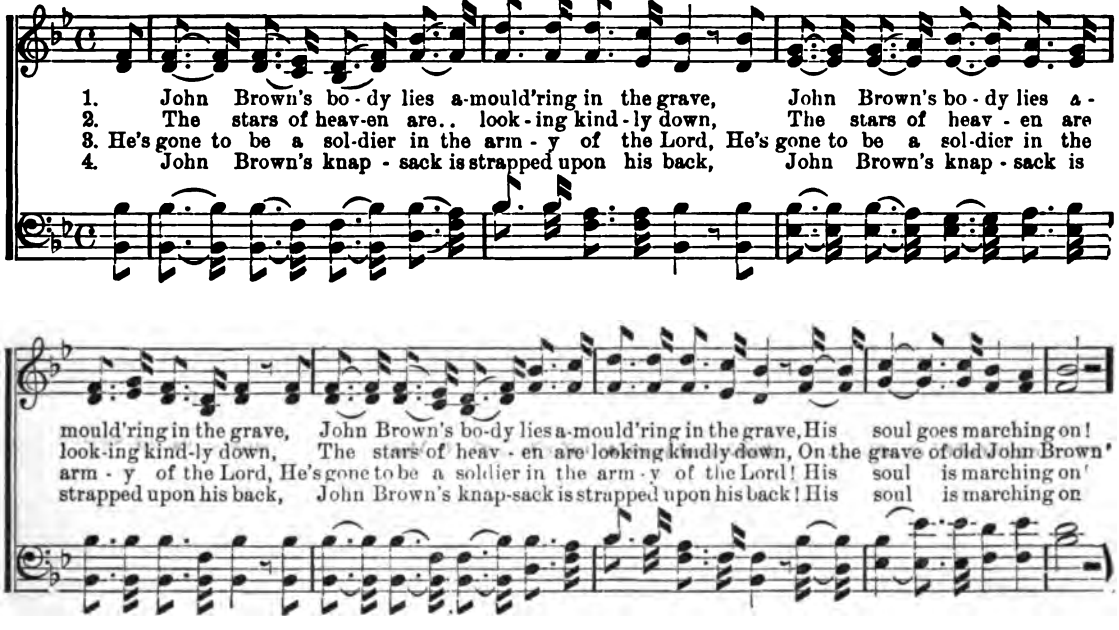
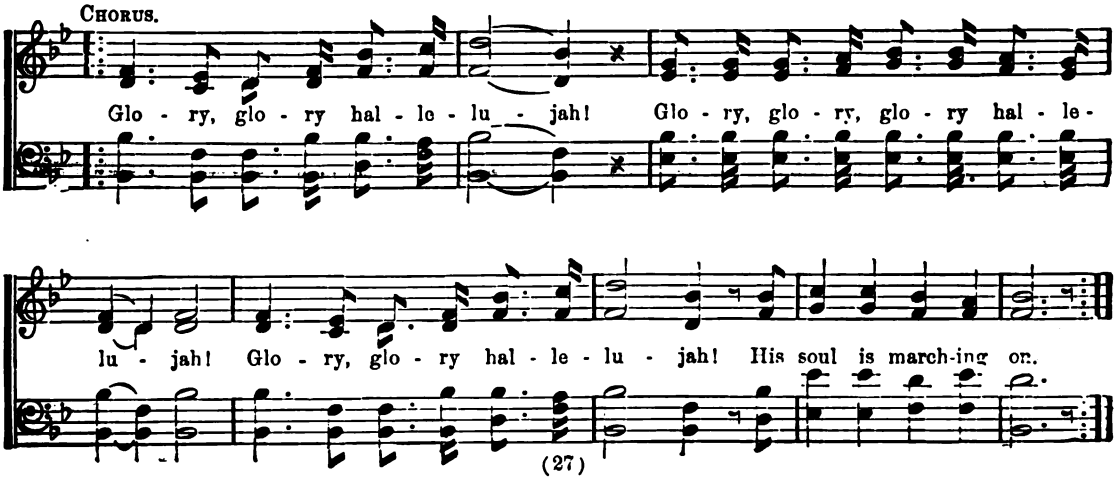
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by W. Steffe.


1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a -
2. The stars of heav-en are.. look - ing kind - ly down, The stars of heav - en are
3. He's gone to be a sol-dier in the arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol-dier in the
4. John Brown's knap - sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap - sack is
mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav - en are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown'
arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the arm - y of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on



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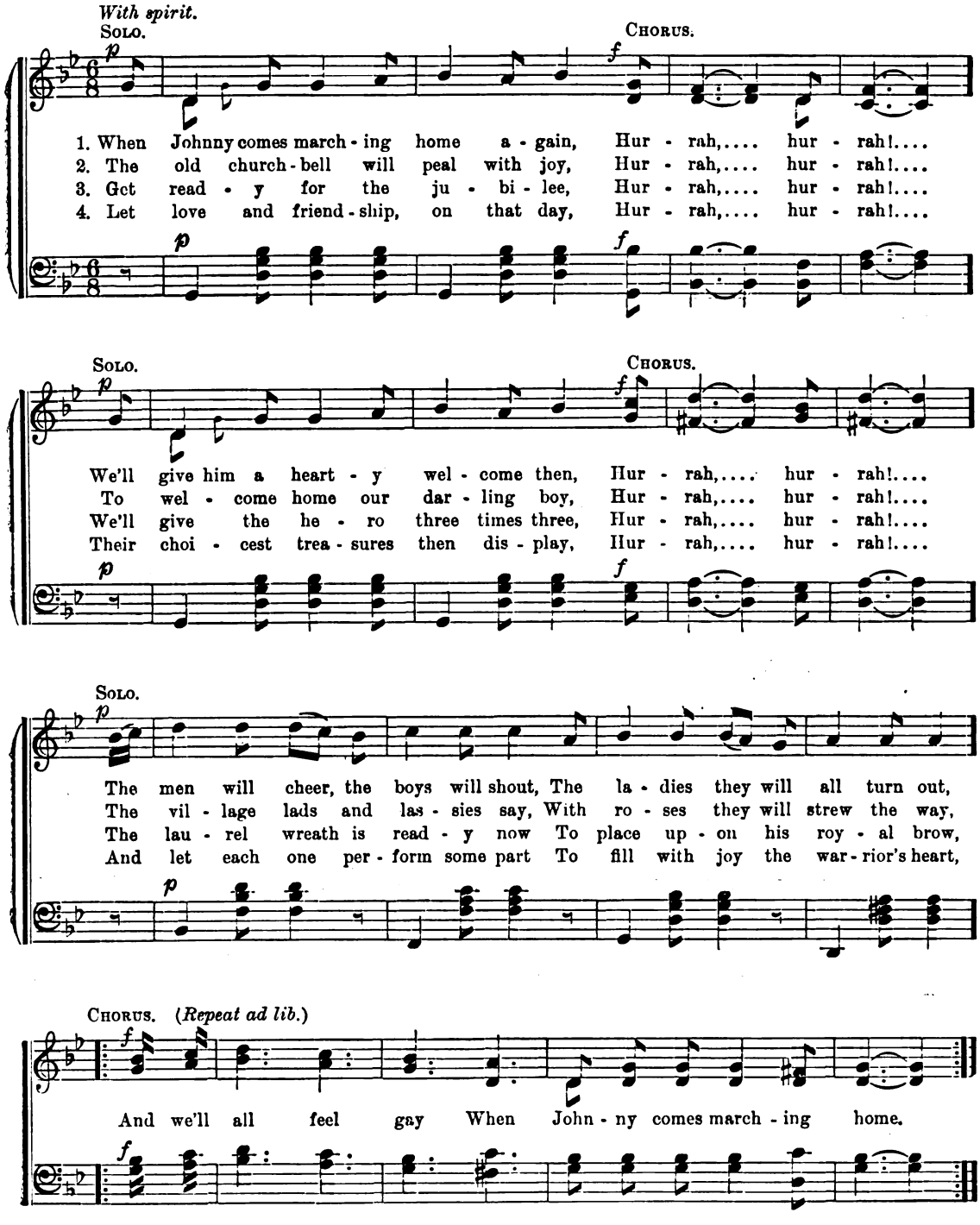
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and music by Louis Lambert. **Arranged by George Rosey.**


With spirit.
Solo.
Chorus.
1. When Johnny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
2. The old church - bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
4. Let love and friend - ship, on that day, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
Solo.
Chorus.
We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
Their choi - cest trea - sures then dis - play, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
Solo.
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out,
The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,
The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To place up - on his roy - al brow,
And let each one per - form some part To fill with joy the war - rior's heart,
Chorus. (Repeat ad lib.)
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home.

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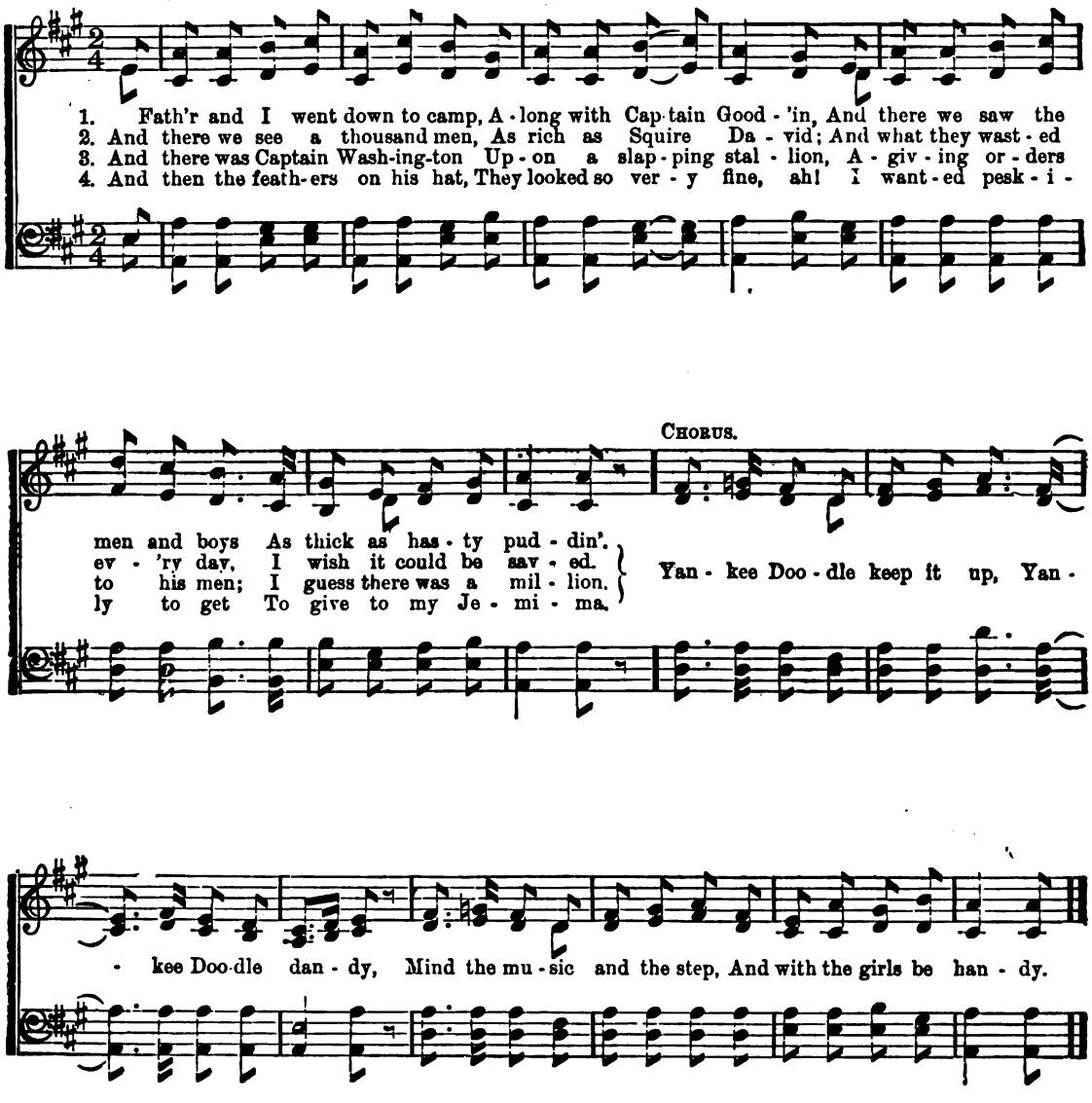
YANKEE DOODLE.

Words by Dr. Schackburg.


1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with Cap-tain Good-'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wast-ed
3. And there was Captain Wash-ing-ton Up-on a slap-ping stal-lion, A-giv-ing or-ders
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver-y fine, ah! I want-ed pesk-i-
men and boys As thick as has-ty pud-din'.
ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.
CHORUS.
Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-
-kee Doo-dle dan-dy, Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

5 And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7 And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

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TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
Chorus.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades,
come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
they will come,

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SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante.
Music by Johanna Kinkle.
1st and 2d Tenor.
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That
1st and 2d Bass.
cres.
then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -
Tranquillo e molto espress.
ff
pp
ril.
well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

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WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Words and music by Walter Kittredge.

1. We're.... tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our...
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fight - ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;
wea - ry hearts, a song.. of home, And friends we love so dear.
loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear... that said "good bye!"
brave.... and true who've left... their homes, Oth - ers been wound-ed long.
Some.... are dead and some.. are dy - ing, Ma - ny are.... in tears.
Chorus.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse.—Dy - ing to-night,
Last time, ppp.
Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, (Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song — Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in
spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
reb - els said, and 'twas a hand-some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re-
CHORUS.
fif - ty thou-sand strong, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
start-ed from the ground, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
breaking forth in cheers, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
reck - on with the host, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia?
sist-ance was in vain, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
Hur-rah! hur-rah! we
bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

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JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;
While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.
Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;.... Oh,
well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there-....
CHORUS.
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, Moth-er, Press me to your heart a - gain;.. But

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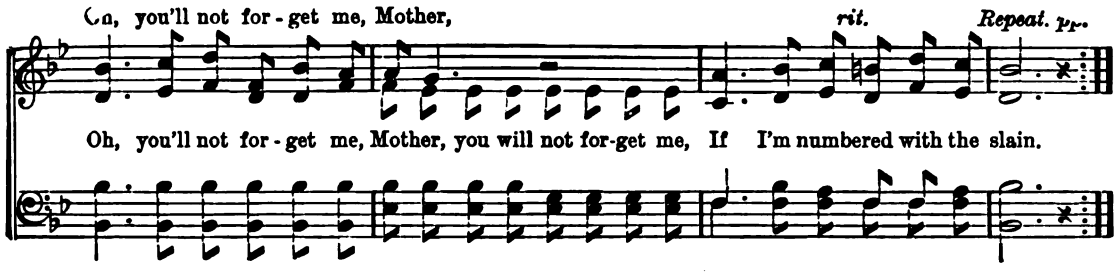
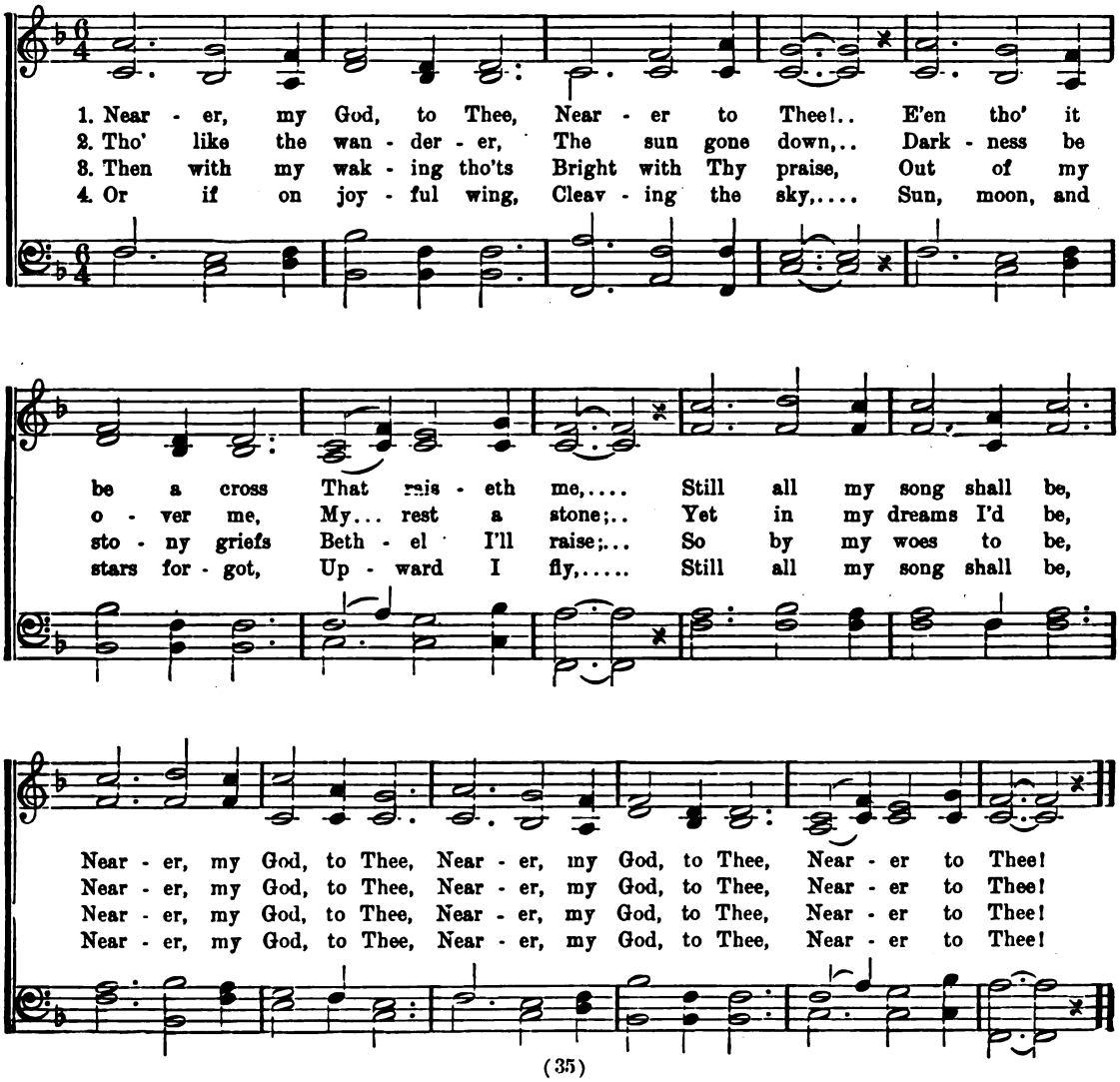
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.


Oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother,
rit.
Repeat. pp.
Oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother, you will not for-get me, If I'm numbered with the slain.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Words by Sarah F. Adams. **Music by Lowell Mason.**


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.. E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,.. Dark - ness be
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,.... Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me,.... Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My... rest a stone;.. Yet in my dreams I'd be,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;... So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,..... Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

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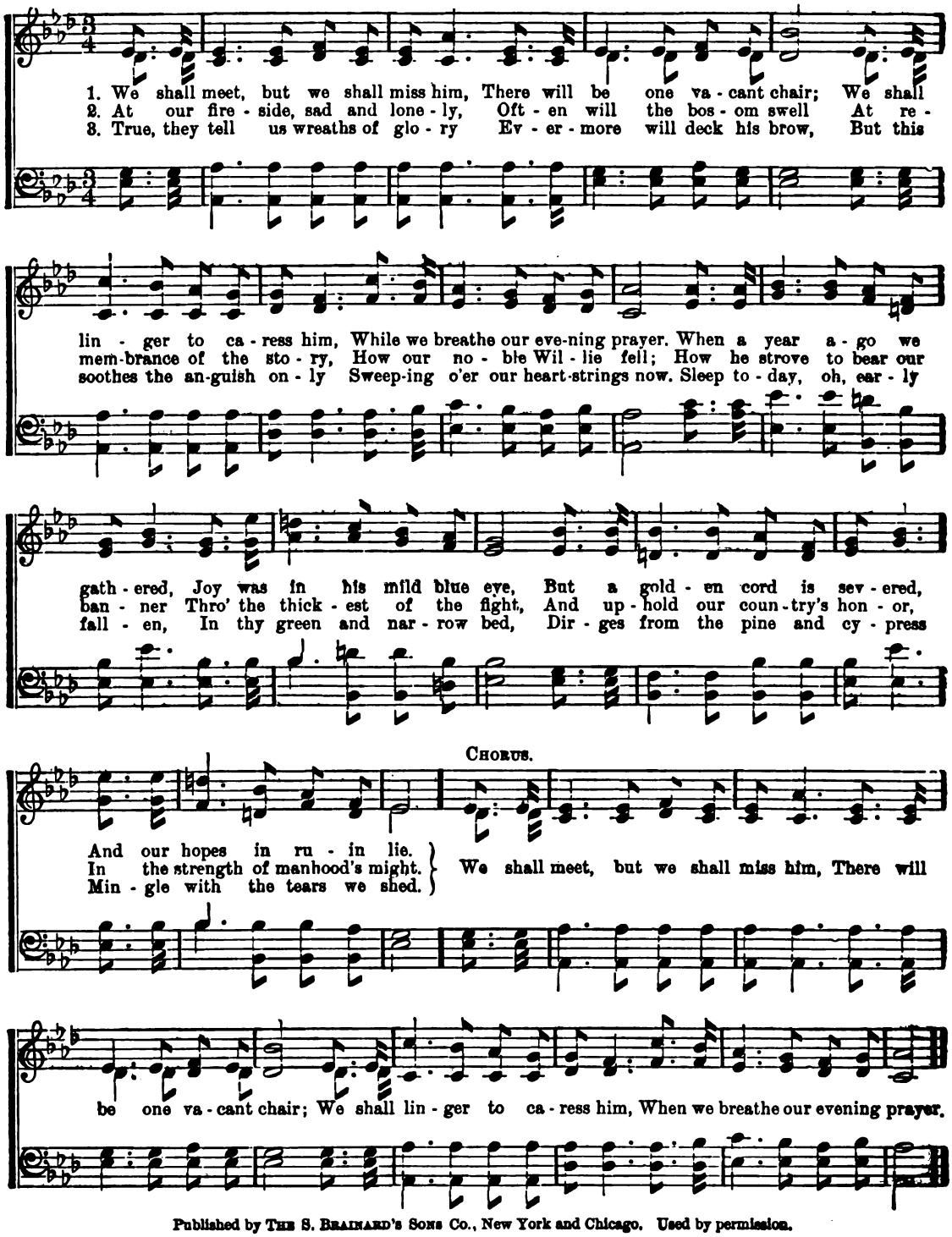
THE VACANT CHAIR.

Music by Geo. F. Root.


1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair; We shall
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell At re -
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow, But this
lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer. When a year a - go we
mem-brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our
soothes the an-guish on - ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to - day, oh, ear - ly
gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered,
ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or,
fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press
Chorus.
And our hopes in ru - in lie.
In the strength of manhood's might.
Min - gle with the tears we shed.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will
be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

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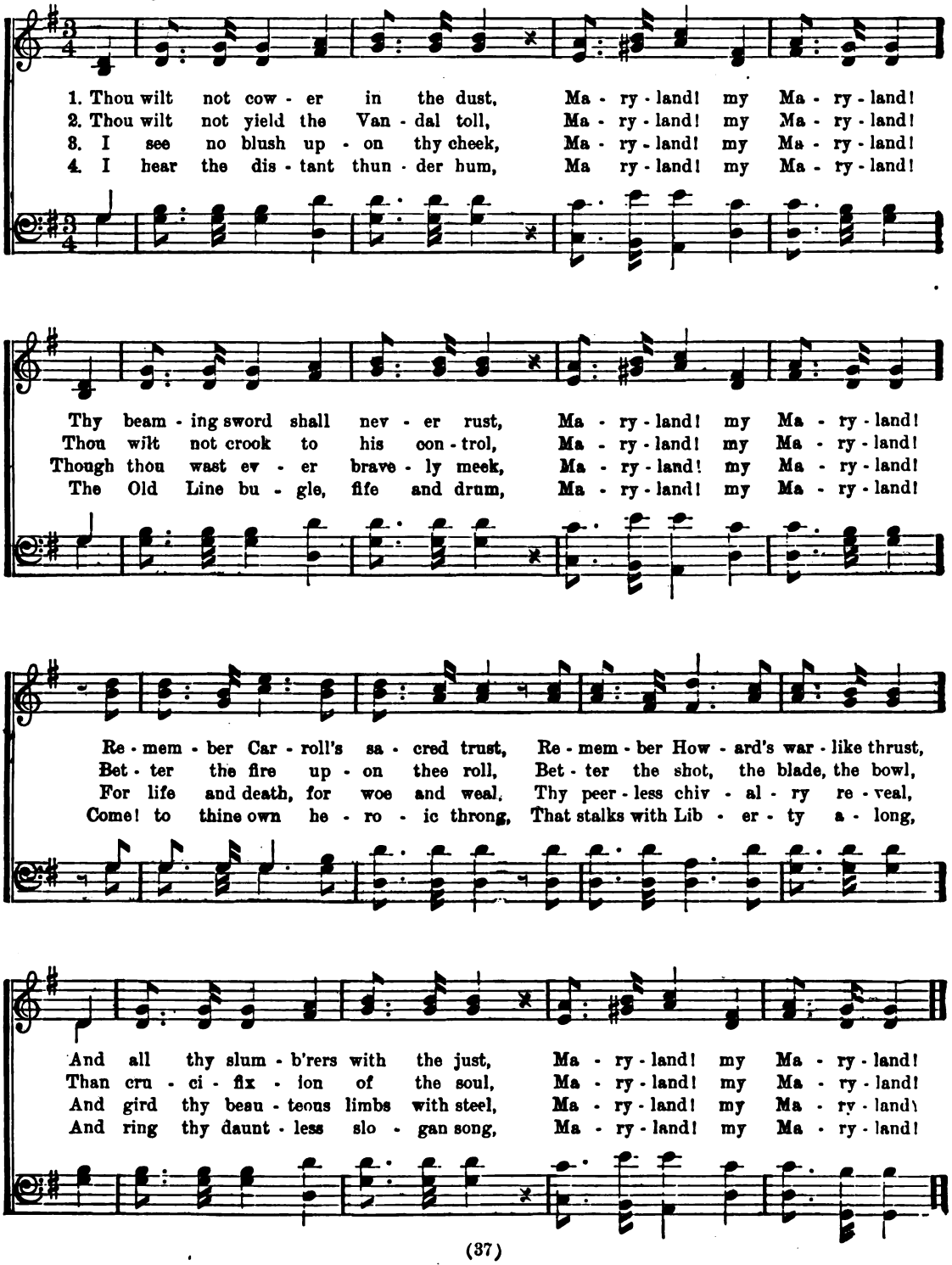
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by James R. Randall.


1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Though thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,
And all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

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THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Allegretto.

1. I'm.. lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and
2. Oh!.. ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a -
3. The.. bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a....
4. My... mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or... in...
val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my
bove me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she
ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a
wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is
Sal - ly. I.... seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re -
loved me. But.. now I'm bound to Brigh - ton camp, Kind Heaven, may fa - vor
stran - ger; The.. vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and
break - ing. If.... ev - er I should see the day When Mars shall have re -
mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
bind me, In.. con - stan - cy to her I love, The.... girl I've left be - hind me.
signed me, For ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

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DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.

p Allegro.
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten,
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - wea - ber," Will - ium was a gay de - ceab - er;
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea - ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;
f
p
Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in,
Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his arm a - round'er, He
Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part, And
f
Ear - ly on one fros - ty morn - in, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
smiled as fierce as a for - ty pounder, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
CHORUS
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll
took my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -
way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc..
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's buck wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc..
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.,

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**

Solo.
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit - tle hut a-mong the bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my
Chorus.
Tenors.
pp Humming.
Basses.
turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When shall I see the
whole cre- a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?
Chorus.
All the world am dark and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

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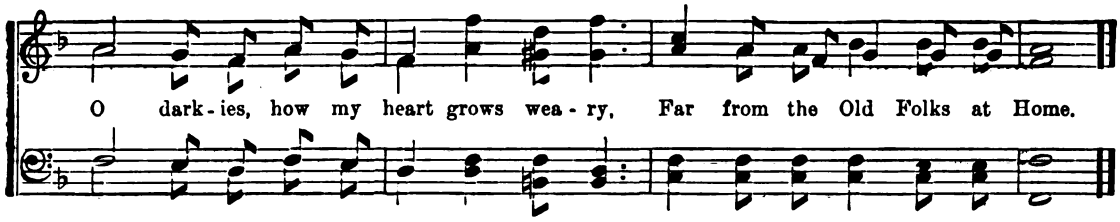

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren dear, that I
cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I
friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go, I
held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I
Chorus.
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**

SOLO.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore;
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go;
The corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the
birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my
Chorus.
old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

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MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Round de mea-dows am a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas-sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey
mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-
hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am
sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-
creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound, Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing,
bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing,
mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a-way my sor-row,
Chorus.
Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
Mas-sa nob-ber calls no more.
Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.
sound; All de dark-eys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

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TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER.

Words by S. S. Steele.

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de
2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of my Ju-la an
tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so true, An I row'd her a-
sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An at night sail her
p
Chorus.
bout In my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way, row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a
round In my Gum Tree Ca-noe.
f
feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Canoe.

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

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HOME AGAIN.

Words and music by Marshall S. Pike.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From.... a for - eign shore! And oh, it
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I
fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here... I dropped the
friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should
feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face. Then give me but my
part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those
be the fate Which bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the tie
home-stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life
Chorus.
Who kind - ly greet me home.
That binds my heart to home.
With those I love at home.
Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore!
And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

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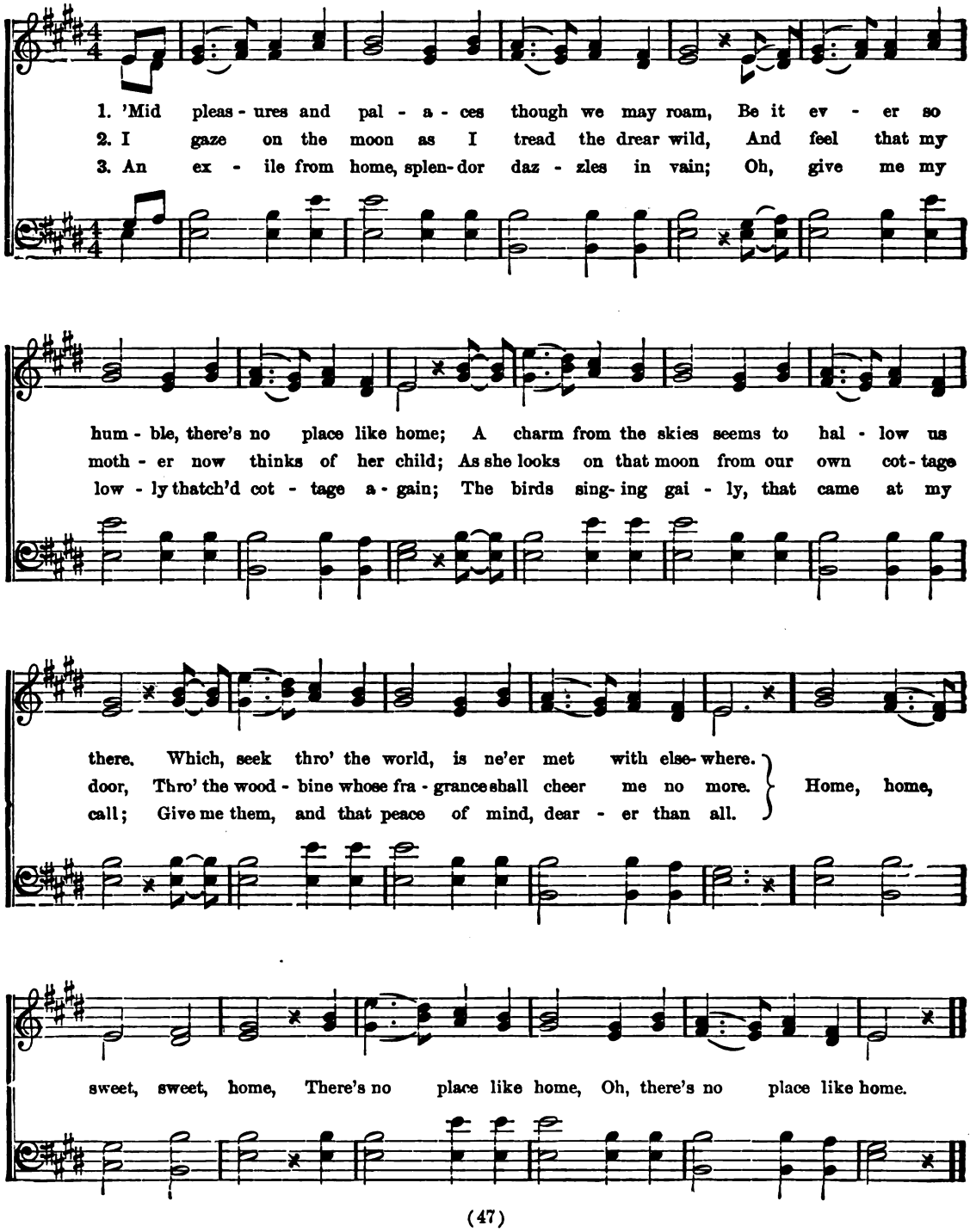
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne. Music by Sir Henry Bishop.


1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my
there. Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
Home, home,
sweet, sweet, home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

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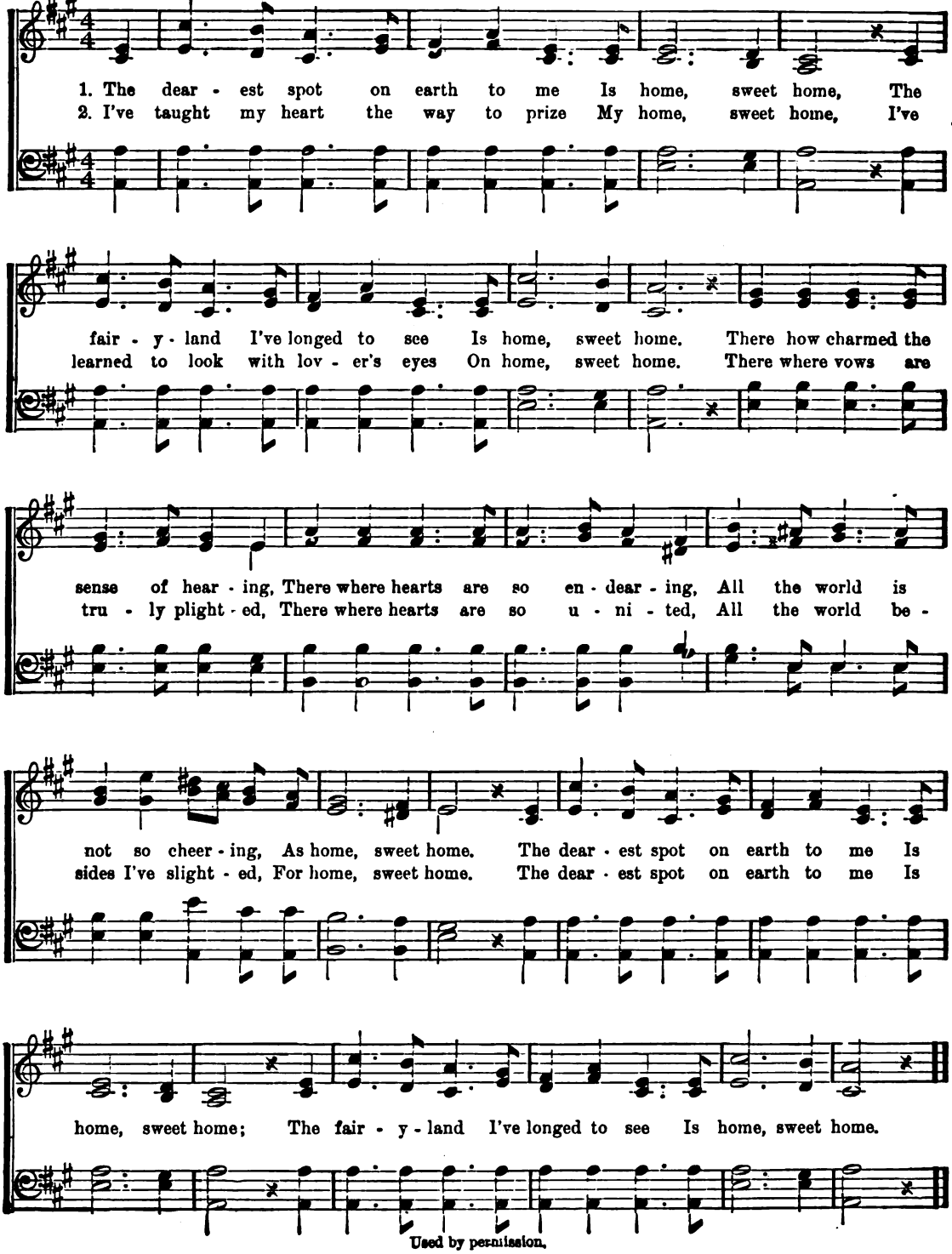
THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

Words and music by W. T. Wrighton.


1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home, The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've
fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are
sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is
tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted, All the world be -
not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
sides I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

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DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.

Words by J. E. Carpenter. **Music by Chas. W. Glover.**

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they
shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
harp I struck untouched, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind, for - giv - ing
think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his
strange To the one now doomed to roam, I would give the world to know,—"Do they
word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—"Do they
side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask,—"Do they
think of me at home?" I would give the world to know,—"Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—"Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask,—"Do they think of me at home?"

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THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE.

Words and music by C. W. Glover.

p Moderato.
1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the
2. We may sail o'er ev - 'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find An - y
home we loved of yore, Of the old fa - mil - iar place; Oth - er scenes may be as
spot so dear to be As the one we left be - hind; Words of com - fort we may
bright, But we miss, 'neath a - lien skies, Both the wel - come and the light Of the
hear, But they can - not touch the heart Like the tones to mem-'ry dear, Of the
rall.
a tempo.
old, kind, lov - ing eyes. Home is home; of this be - reft, Mem - 'ry loves a -
friends from whom we part. Home is home; the wan - d'rer longs All the scenes of
rall.
gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa - mil - iar place.
youth to trace, And to hear the old home songs In the old fa - mil - iar place.

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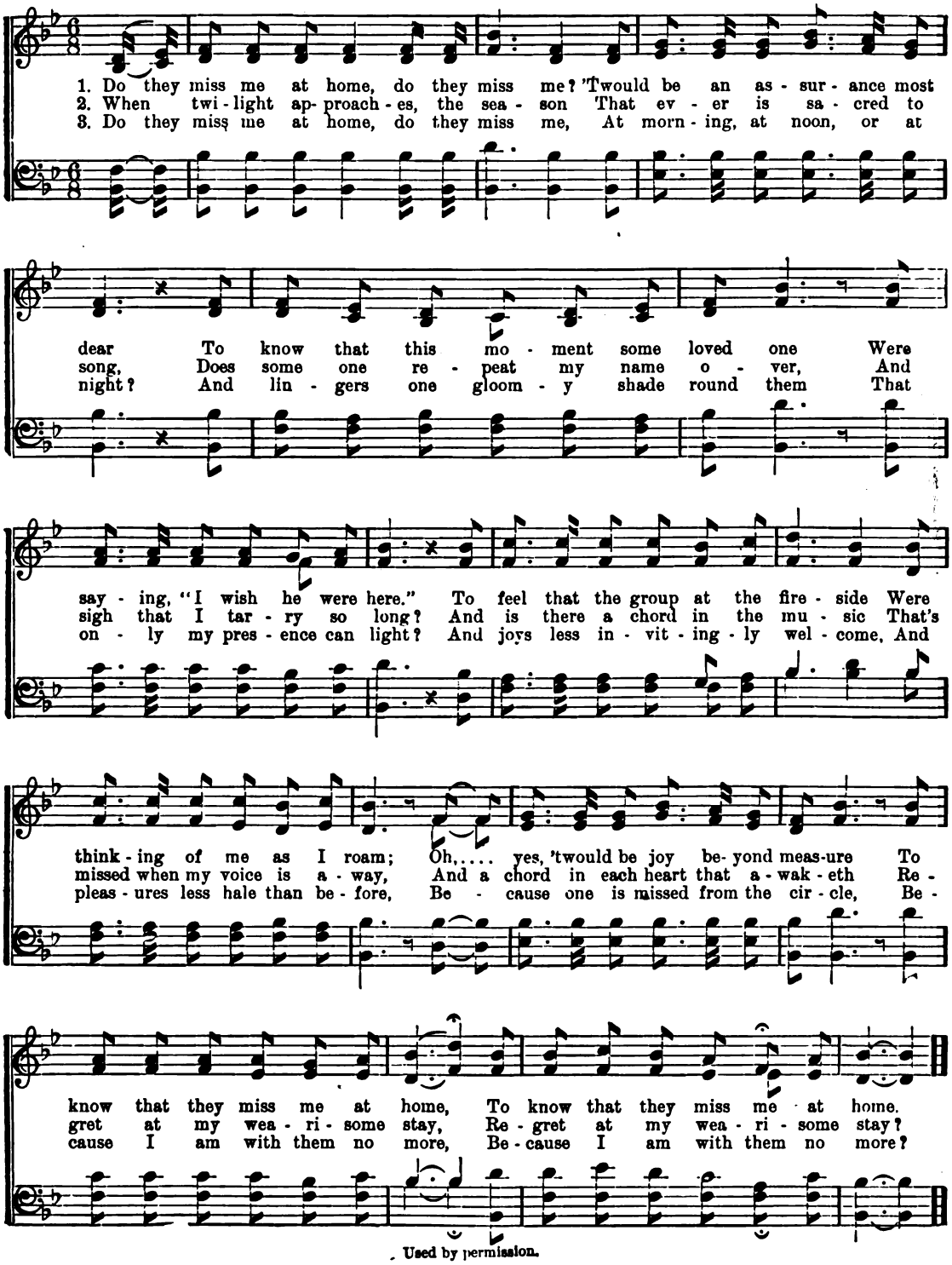
DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

Words by Caroline A. Macon. **Music by S. M. Grannis.**


1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most dear To know that this mo - ment some loved one Were say - ing, "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire - side Were think - ing of me as I roam; Oh,.... yes, 'twould be joy be- yond meas-ure To know that they miss me at home, To know that they miss me at home.
2. When twi - light ap- proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's missed when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
3. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me, At morn - ing, at noon, or at night? And lin - gers one gloom - y shade round them That on - ly my pres - ence can light? And joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And pleas - ures less hale than be - fore, Be - cause one is missed from the cir - cle, Be - cause I am with them no more, Be - cause I am with them no more?

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THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Words by Henry Russell. Music by Eliza Cook.

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that old arm-chair? I've
2. In child-hood's hour I.... lin-gered near.. The hal-low'd seat with list'ning ear; And
3. I sat.. and watched her.. many a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray; And I
4. 'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now... With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow; 'Twas
treasured it long as a ho-ly prize; I've be-dewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs; 'Tis
gen-tle words that mother would give, To.... fit me to die,... and teach me to live....
al-most wor-shipped her when she smiled, And.. turned from her Bi-ble to bless her... child...
there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And.. mem-'ry.... flows.. with la-va.... tide....
bound by a thou-sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye
She told me shame would nev-er be-tide, With truth for my creed and God for my guide; She..
Years roll-ed on, but the last one.. sped, My i-dol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled: I....
Say it is fol-ly, and deem me.. weak, While the scald-ing drops start down my cheek; But I
learn the spell? a mother sat there, And a sa-cred thing is that old arm-chair.
taught me to lisp my ear-liest prayer, As I knelt be-side that.. old arm-chair.
learned how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.
love it, I love it, and can-not tear My.... soul from a mo-ther's old arm-chair.

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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Samuel Woodworth.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in-fan-cy knew;
The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en
buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well

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SAILING.

Music by Godfrey Marks.

Con spirito.
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry
lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall
sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es
sail; The har - bor bar.. we soon shall clear; Fare - well, once more, to
cres.
brave - ly steer, But ere we part from England's shores to - night, A song we'll
on... the wave, A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall
Chorus.
sing for home and beau-ty bright.
song he rides the sparkling foam.
be.. our guid-ing star and song.
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who
ad lib.
will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main;

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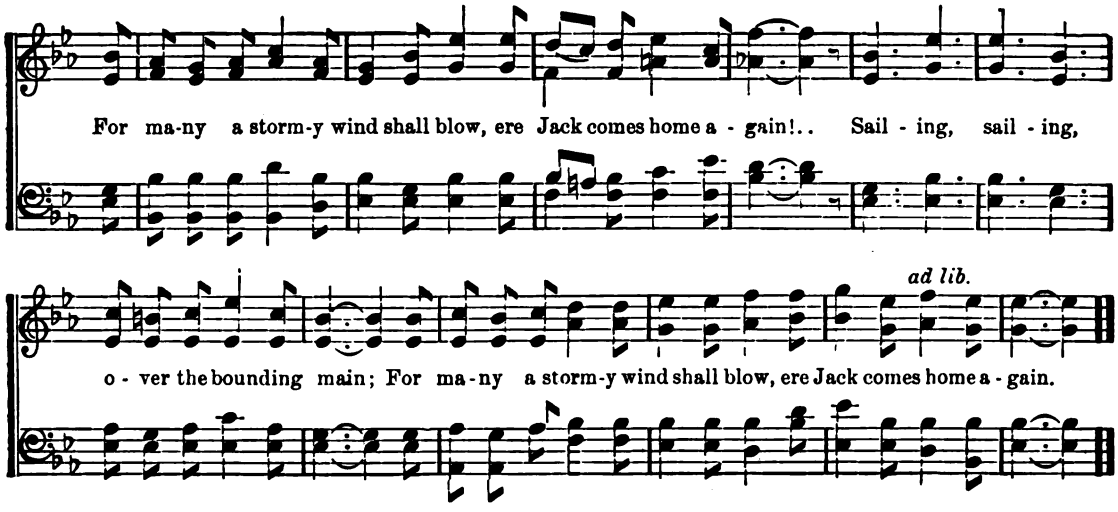
SAILING.


For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain!.. Sail - ing, sail - ing,
ad lib.
o - ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in
cres.
An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
cres.
p
ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
p

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THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

Con spirito.

ff
p
1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never
p
f
p
lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll
heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!" Cheeri - ly, my lads, yo ho! We
mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we
8va.
go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why
made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An'
hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'
mf
f

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bless 'ee sir, come a-long," says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
cres - cen - do. f
8va...
rall.
a tempo.
ho! . . . . With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,
rall.
p
rall.
Gai-ly, boys, make her go! . . . . An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid-ship-
rall.
f colla voce.
Last time.
mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho! . . . . . .
f
ff

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NANCY LEE.

Words by Fred E. Weatherly. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

Spirited.

1. Of all.... the wives as e'er you know,..... Yeo - ho!... lads,
2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow,..... Yeo - ho!... lads,
3. The boa's - 'n pipes the watch be - low,..... Yeo - ho!... lads,
ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow,..... Yeo -
ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,..... Yeo -
ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! Then here's a health be - fore we go,..... Yeo -
ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho! See there she stands and
ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho! But true and bright, from
ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho! A long, long life to
waves her hands, up - on..... the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way,
morn till night, my home... will be, An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet,
my sweet wife, and mates... at sea; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones

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NANCY LEE.

She'll watch.. for me, An' whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for
For Jack... at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an'
Wher - e'er.... you be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as
Jack.... at sea, Yeo - ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!
wel - come me, Yeo - ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!
Nan - cy Lee, Yeo - ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!
Chorus.
The sail - or's wife the sail - or's star... shall be, Yeo -
ho!.... we go a - cross... the sea,..... The sail - or's
wife the sail - or's star... shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be.

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LARBOARD WATCH.

Words and music by T. Williams.

Andante.
mf
p
1. At drea - ry mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave That, swell - ing, threat - ens
mf
p
f
p
Cyn - thia's beam, When tem-pests beat and tor - rents pour, And twink-ling stars no
to o'er-whelm, And, his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the
f
p
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
long - er gleam;
faith - ful helm;
The wea - ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings firm - ly to the
With hope out-rings his cheer - ing song, 'Mid storms that bel - low
p
p e dolce.
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
weath - er shrouds, And still the lengthened hour to 'guile, And still the length-ened
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the

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LARBOARD WATCH.

1st Voice.
hour to 'guile, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way
dolce.
Poco allegretto, animato.
f ad lib.
gath - 'ring clouds, Lar-board Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can
and the course, Lar-board Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can
f
slower.
a tempo.
speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his ves - sel reels, And his tired eye - lids' slumb'ring
fall, He rous - es at the wel - come call... Of Lar - board Watch.. a -
Adagio ad lib.
f
p
hoy! Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!
f
p

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THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

Andante cantabile.
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,
In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;
There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own..... to see:
Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber
f
me,..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

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LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash. **Halfdan Kjerulf.**

Solo. Andante.
p
1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
3. Near you the mo-ments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart; When
Chorus Humming.
pp
pp
rit.
sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, . . all pleas-ures de - part. The
rit.
dolce.
o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew, . . And
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
zeph - yrs that waft you to dream-land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue, . . The
ppp
mf
p
f
rit.
oh! the bird, my darl - ing, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my darl - ing, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
winds, the stars, my darl - ing, are tell - ing, Tell - ing my love for you!
rit.

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LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Words by G. F. Brigham. **Music by J. L. Molloy.**

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev - er more;
Out of the dreams that rose in hap- py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
rit.
CHORUS.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low,
the lights are low,

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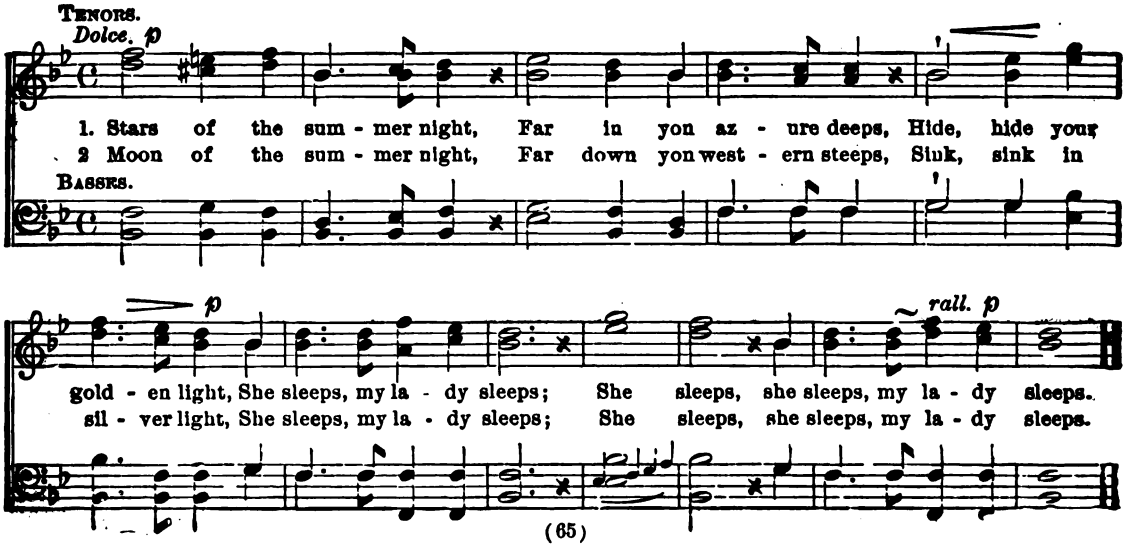
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

And the flick - 'ring shad - ows soft - ly come and go,
soft - ly go,
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at
the day is long,
twi - light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet..... song.....

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.


Tenors.
Dolce. p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2 Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
Basses.
p
rall. p
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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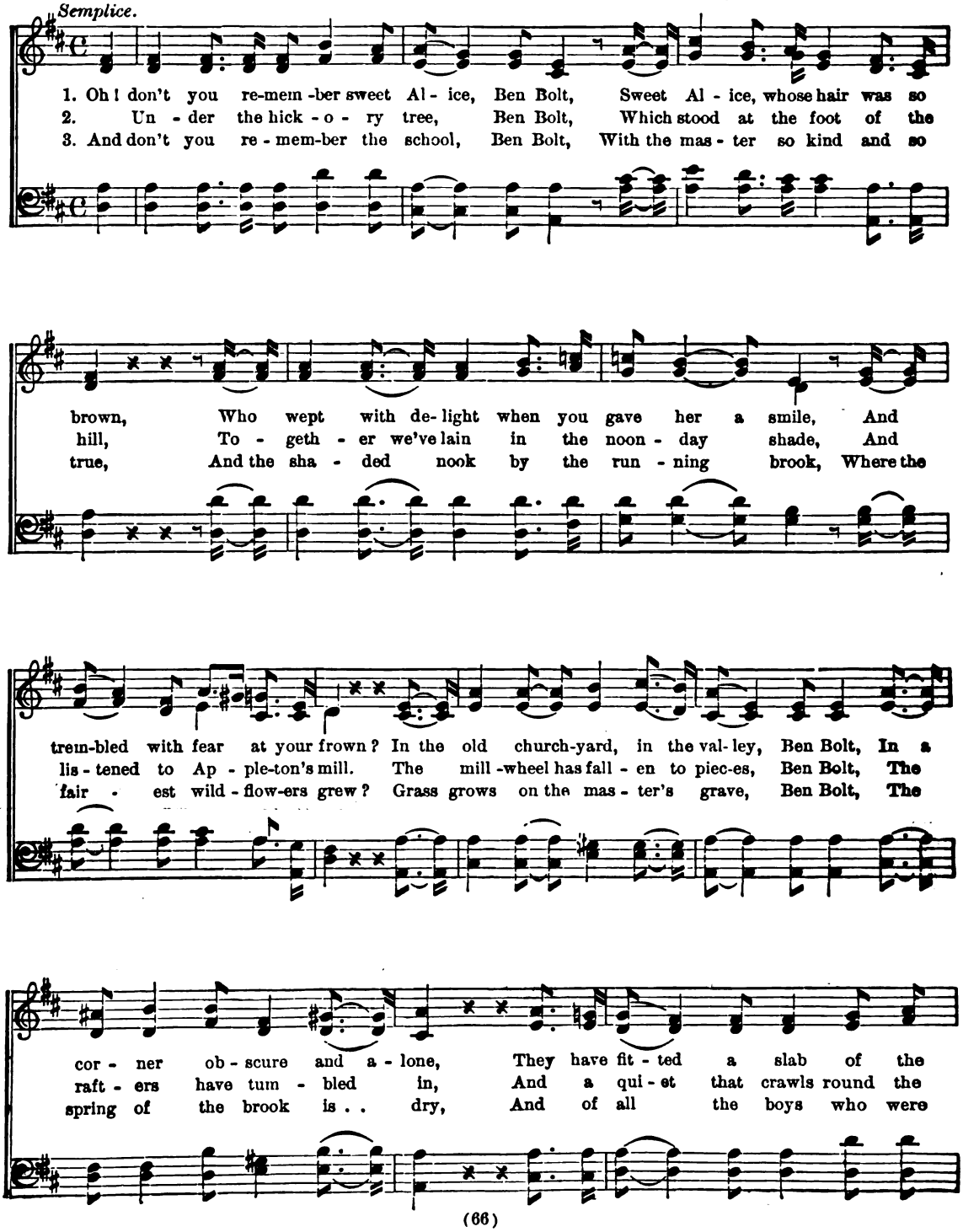
BEN BOLT.

Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39. **Music by Nelson Kneass.**

Semplice.


1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To-geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is . . dry, And of all the boys who were

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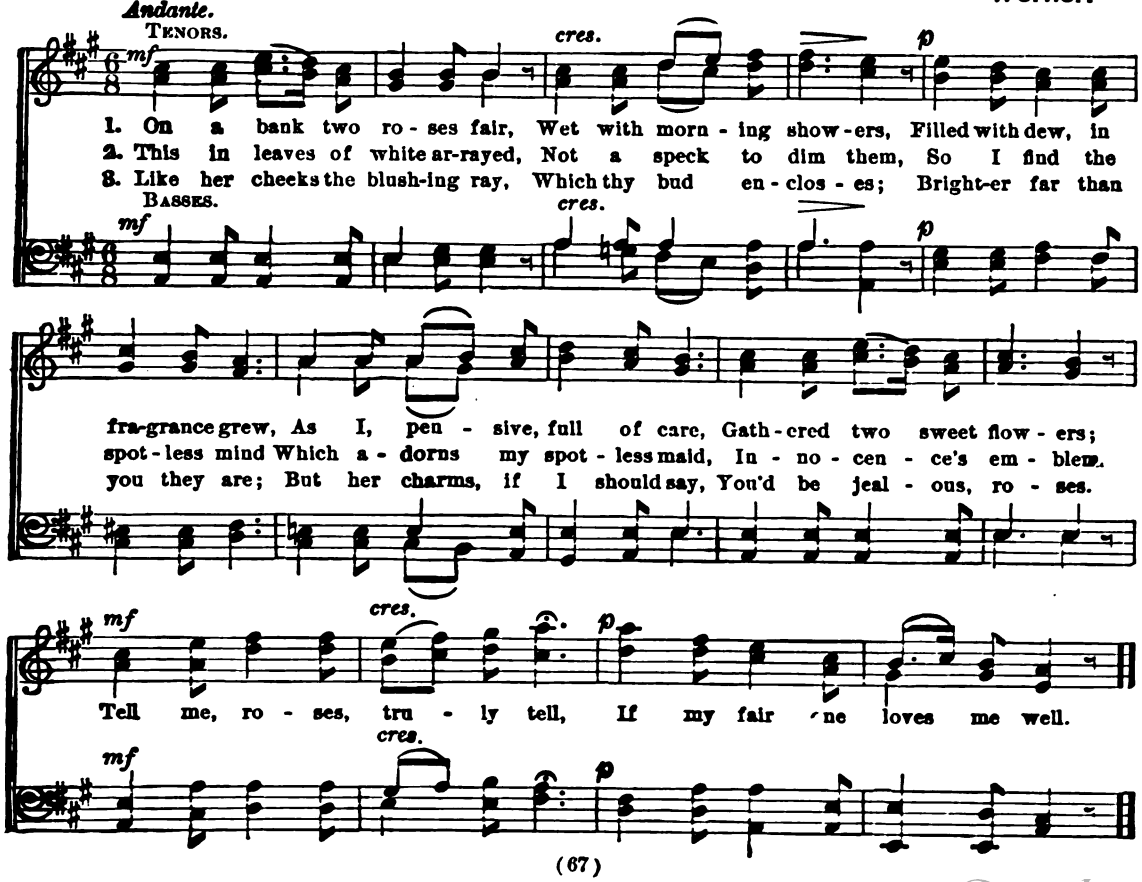
gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - - - en din, And a
school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . . . and I; And of
ad lib.
fit - ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old - en din.
all . . the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . and I.

THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.


Andante.
TENORS.
mf
cres.
p
1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers, Filled with dew, in
2. This in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which thy bud en - clos - es; Bright-er far than
BASSES.
mf
cres.
p
fra-grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered two sweet flow - ers;
spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's em - blem.
you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ro - ses.
mf
cres.
p
Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
mf
cres.
p

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JUANITA.

Andante.
mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam ing
mf TENOR AND BASS.
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,
p slower.
a te
mf
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
p
mf
p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!
p

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DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. **Old English Air.**

mp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . .
mp
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . . But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

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SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. **J. Barnby.**

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . .
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; .

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the
Fa - ther

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

rall e dim.

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

rall e dim.

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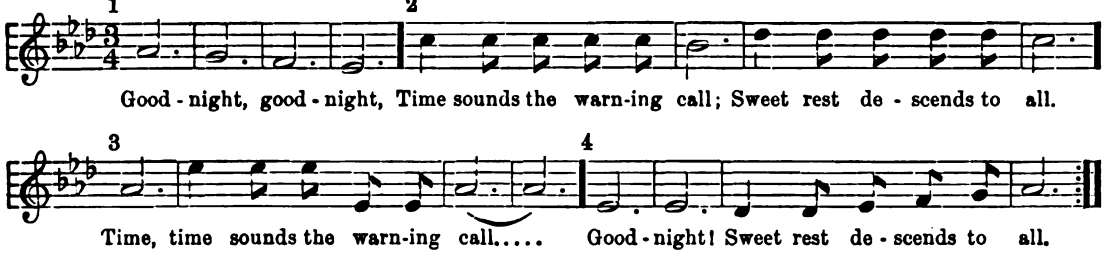
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a-lone; All her love-ly com-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love-ly are
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, And from love's shin-ing
pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; No flow-er of her kin-dred, No
sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I scat-ter Thy
cir-cle The gems drop a-way; When true hearts lie with-ered, And
rose-bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
fond ones are flown, O, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone.

GOOD-NIGHT.

(ROUND.)


1
2
Good-night, good-night, Time sounds the warn-ing call; Sweet rest de-scends to all.
3
4
Time, time sounds the warn-ing call..... Good-night! Sweet rest de-scends to all.

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ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall!
In o - cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep,
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.

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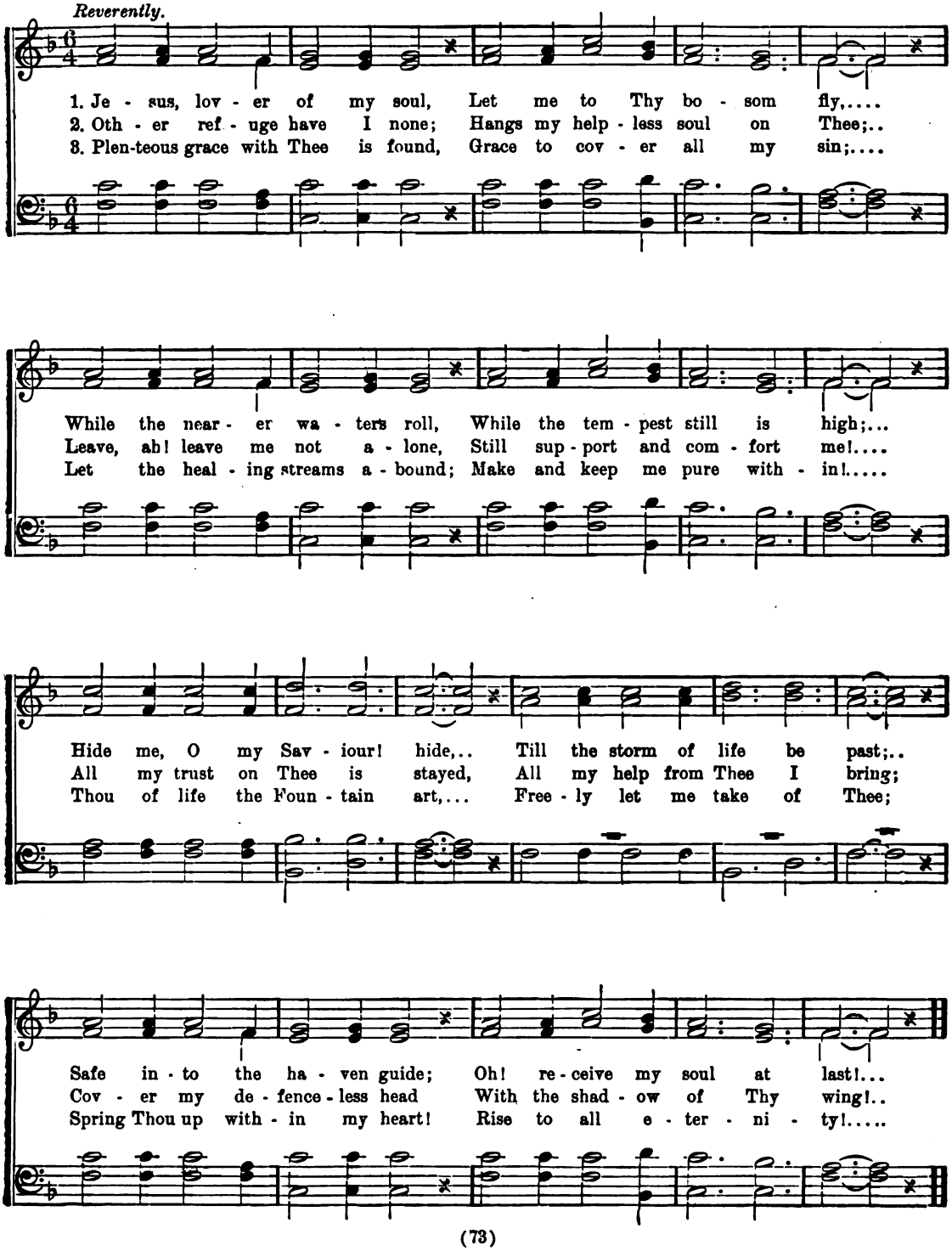
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Words by Charles Wesley. **Music by S. B. Marsh.**


Reverently.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,....
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;..
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;....
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;...
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!....
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!.....
Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide,.. Till the storm of life be past;..
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the Foun - tain art,... Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!...
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!..
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!.....

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SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Words by Wm. W. Walford. **Music by W. B. Bradbury.**

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!

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WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Words by Joseph Scriven. **Music by C. Crozat Converse.**

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. Baring-Gould. **Music by A. S. Sullivan.**

1. On - ward, Christ-ian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid ed, All one bod - y we,
Chorus.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
On - ward, Christ-ian sol - diers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Cho.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Cho.

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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Words by Rev. John Henry Newman. **Music by Rev. J. B. Dykes.**

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till
Lead Thou me on..... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on..... I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone,.. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces
see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me....
fears,..... Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not.... past years..
smile,..... Which I have loved long since, and lost.... a - while..

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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Words by Katherine Hankey. **Music by Wm. G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the Sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings As noth - ing else would do.
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.
Refrain.
I love to tell the Sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

ROCK OF AGES.

Words by Augustus M. Toplady. **Music by Thomas Hastings.**

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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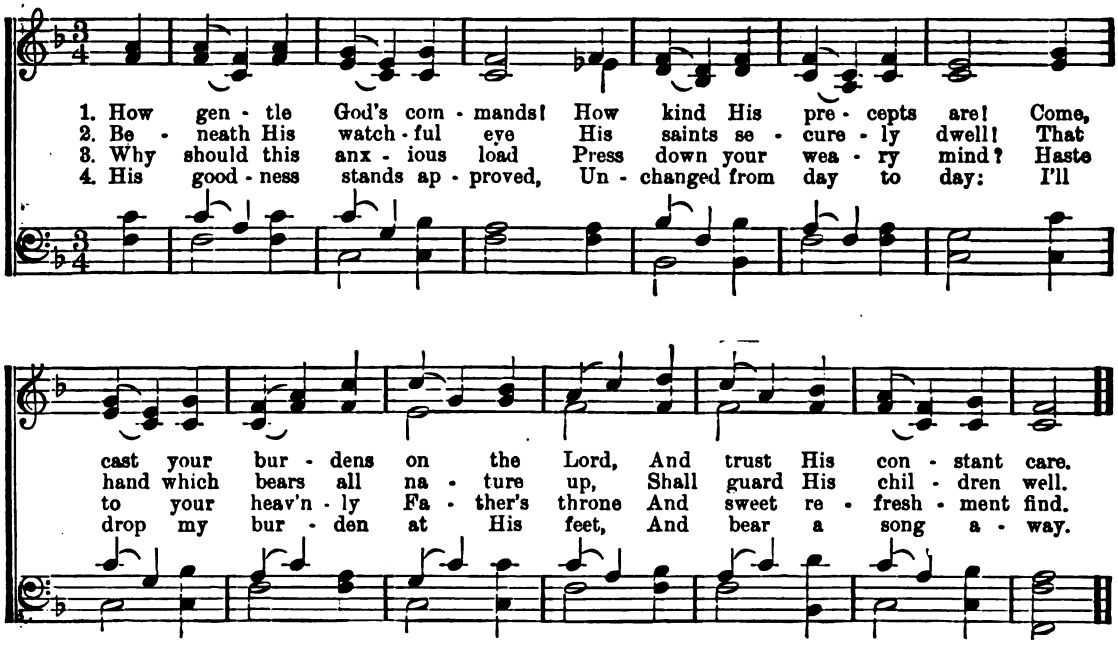
ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

Words by Edward Perronet. **Music by Oliver Holden.**

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
3. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
4. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.. of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord.. of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord.. of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.. of all.

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

Words by Philip Doddridge. **Music by H. G. Nägeli.**


1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell! That
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day: I'll
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

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SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Words by Geo. W. Doane. **Arranged from Carl Maria von Weber.**

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

OLD HUNDRED.

Music by L. Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with joy, With - in His courts His praise pro - claim;
4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;
Doxology:
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thank - ful songs your tongues em - ploy, Oh, bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Words by Bernard of Cluny. **Music by Alex. Ewing.**

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

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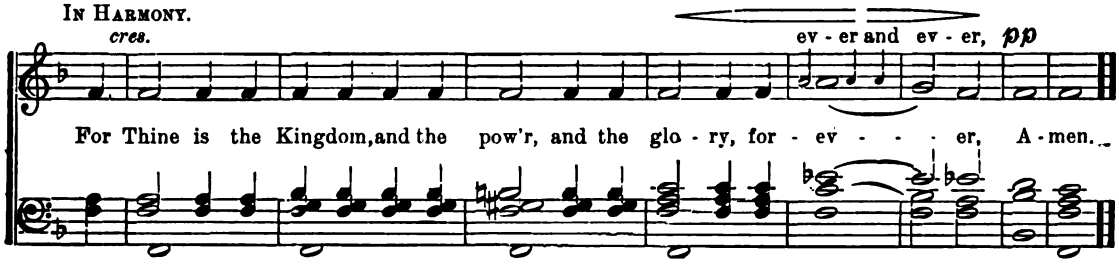
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

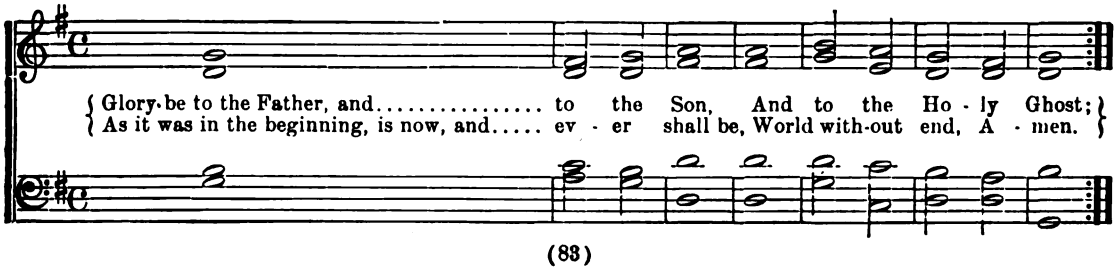
pp VOICES IN UNISON.

(who)
Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom
(be done on earth)
come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven, Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our
(trespasses as we forgive
those who trespass against us and)
debts as we forgive our debtors, And lead us not into temp- tation, but deliver us from evil.

IN HARMONY.



GLORIA PATRI.


Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and..... ev - er shall be, World with-out end, A - men.

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MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Words by Rev. Ray Palmer. **Music by Lowell Mason.**

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour,
while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Words by Sabine Baring-Gould. **Music by J. Barnby.**

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,.....
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,.....
4. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread.....
5. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise.....
6. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,.....
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - 'bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.
ev - 'ning steal a - cross the sky.

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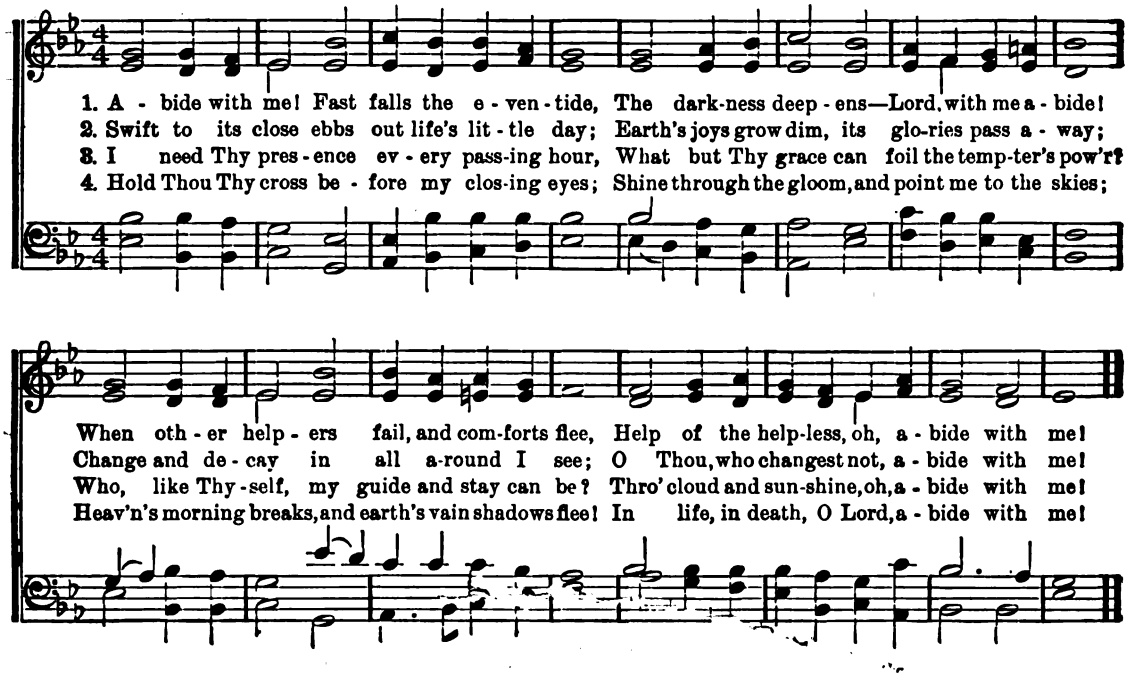
ABIDE WITH ME.

Words by Henry Francis Lyte. **Music by William Henry Monk.**


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Words by Charles Wesley. **Music by Felice Giardini.**

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all -
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al -
4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more! His sov-'reign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

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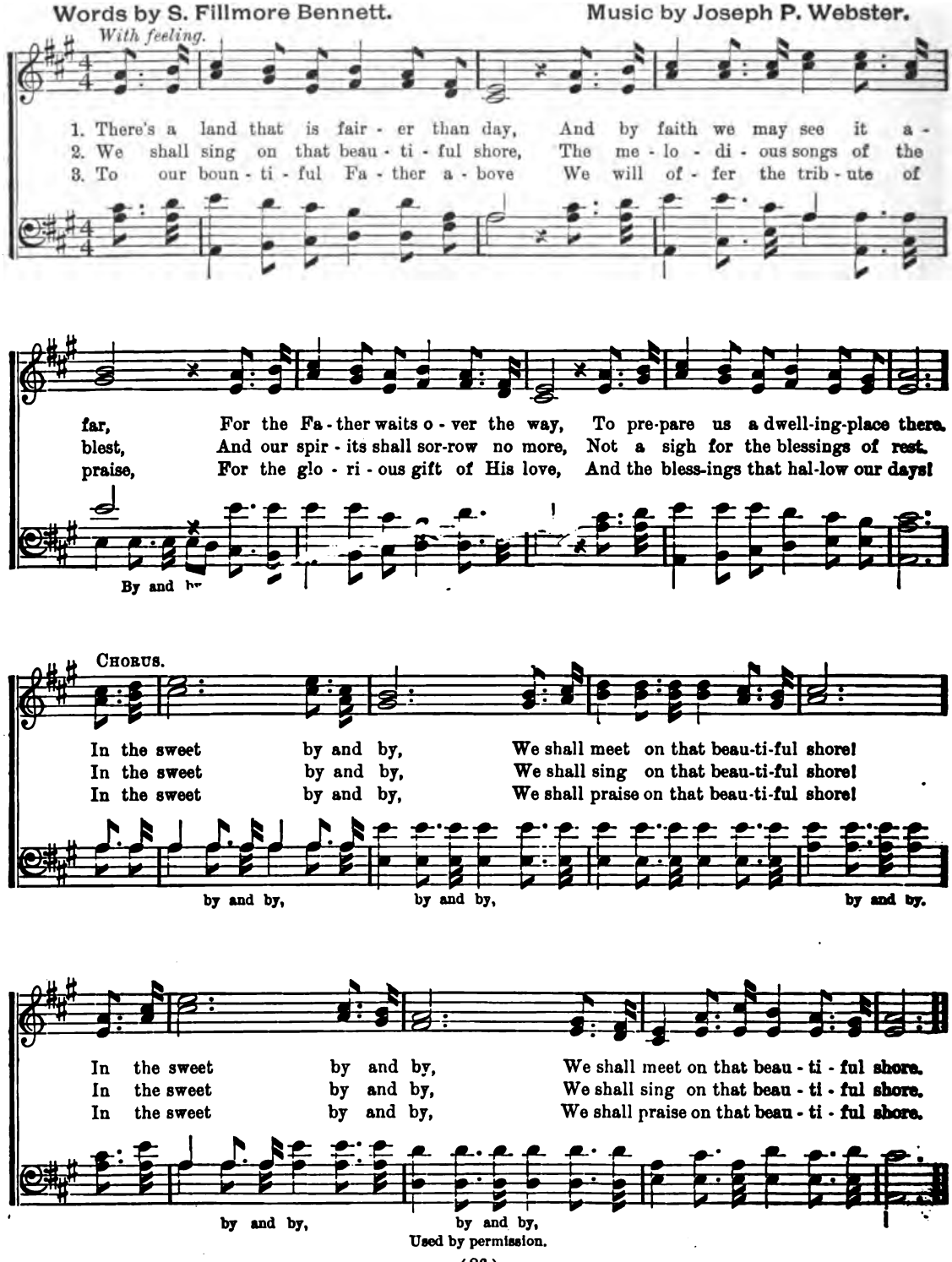
IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. Fillmore Bennett. Music by Joseph P. Webster.


With feeling.
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the trib - ute of
far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal-low our days!
By and by
Chorus.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore!
by and by, by and by, by and by.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

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ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Words by Phœbe Cary. **Music by Philip Phillips.**

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to -
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be; Near - er the great white
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down; Near - er to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er
Chorus.
day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore...
throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea....
cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.
home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.
Near - er my home, Near - er my home,
Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore....

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THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow.
pp
1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve - ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell.
2. Wel - come, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare - well.
3. Day is sleep - ing, flow'rs are weep - ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing, ev - er true.
4. Grove and moun-tain, field and foun - tain, Faint - ly gleam In the rud - dy sun - set beam.
5. Hap - py hour,... may thy pow - er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

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WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Coghill. **Music by Lowell Mason.**

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:
cres.
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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GOD BE WITH YOU.

Words by J. E. Rankin. **Music by William G. Tomer.**

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatening wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
REFRAIN.
Till we meet,..... til we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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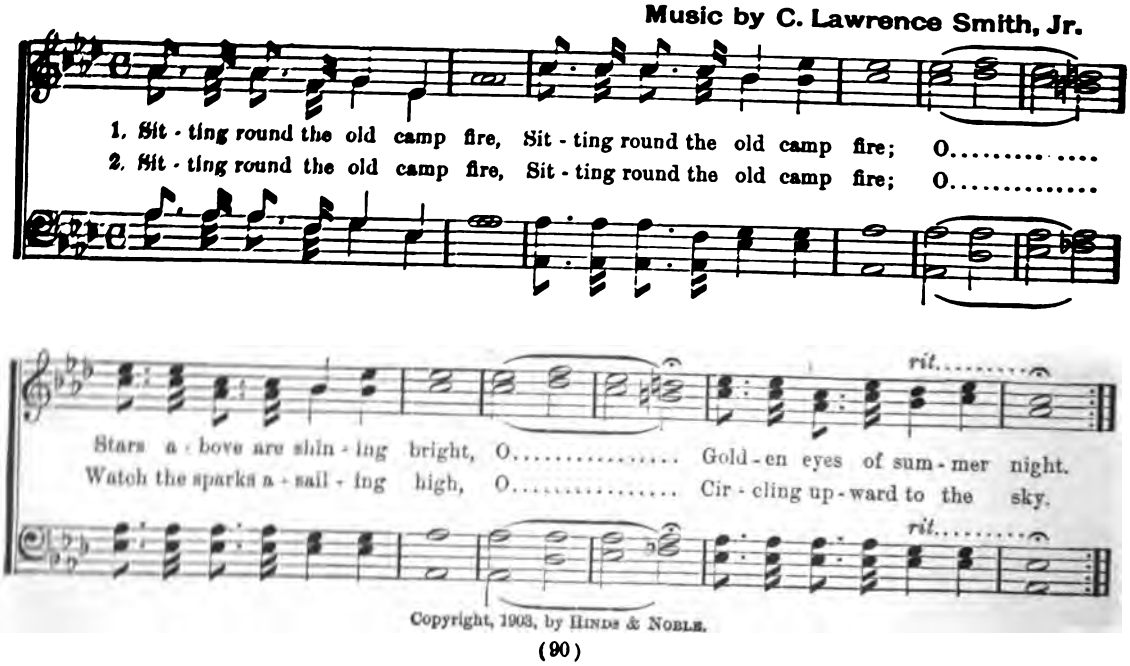
Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And never brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa hae run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa hae sport-ed i' the burn, Frae morning sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
weary foot sin' auld lang syne.
braid hae roared sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

ROUND THE OLD CAMP FIRE.

Music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr.


1. Sit-ting round the old camp fire, Sit-ting round the old camp fire; O.....
2. Sit-ting round the old camp fire, Sit-ting round the old camp fire; O.....
rit.....
Stars a-bove are shin-ing bright, O..... Gold-en eyes of sum-mer night.
Watch the sparks a-sail-ing high, O..... Cir-cling up-ward to the sky.
rit.....

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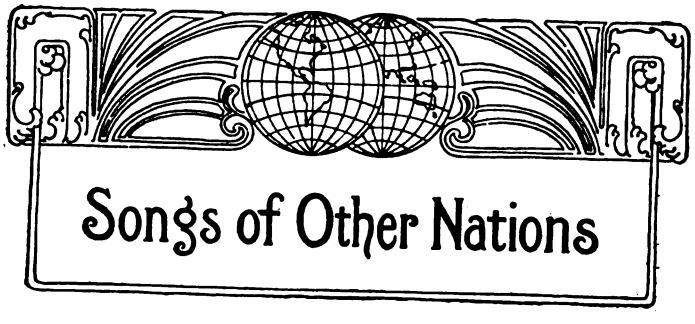

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Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

ROUND THE OLD CAMP FIRE.

Music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr.

1. Sit-ting round the old camp fire, Sit-ting round the old camp fire; O.....
2. Sit-ting round the old camp fire, Sit-ting round the old camp fire; O.....
rit.....
Stars a-bove are shin-ing bright, O..... Gold-en eyes of sum-mer night.
Watch the sparks a-sail-ing high, O..... Cir-cling up-ward to the sky.
rit.....

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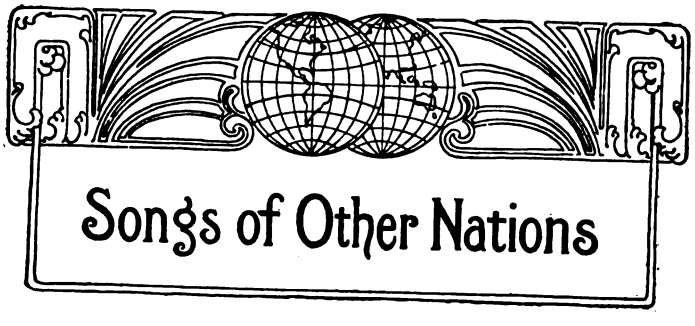

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RULE, BRITANNIA!

Words by James Thomson. **Music by Dr. Thomas A. Arne.**

Maestoso. *mp*

1. When
2. The
3. Still
4. Thee

f

Brit - ain first,.... at heav'n's com - mand, A - rose..... from out the
na - tions not..... so blessed as thee Must in..... their turn to
more ma - jes - - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
haugh - ty ty - - rants ne'er shall tame; All their..... at-tempts to

mp

az - - ure main, A - rose from out..... the az - ure.. main,
ty - - rants fall, Must in.. their turn..... to ty - rants fall;
for - - eign stroke, More dread - ful.. from..... each for - eign stroke;
bend.... thee down, All their at - tempts..... to bend thee down,

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Duet.
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
As the loud blast.... that tears..... the..... skies
Will but a - rouse.... thy gen - - 'rous..... flame, To
guard - ian.... an - - gels sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
dread and.... en - - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri tan - nia! Bri -
Serves but to root..... thy na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
work their... woe..... and thy re - nown. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
f
f
tan - nia, rule the waves; Brit - ons nev - - er will be slaves."

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RULE, BRITANNIA!

5 To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

6 The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blessed Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

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THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

(NATIONAL SONG OF CANADA.)

Words and music by Alexander Muir.

mf Moderato spiritoso.
1. In days of yore, from Brit - ain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro, came, And
2. At Queenston Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers, side by side, For
plant - ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag On Can - a - da's fair do - main! Here
free - dom, homes, and lov'd ones dear, Firm - ly stood and no - bly died; And
f
may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to - geth - er, The
those dear rights which they main - tain'd, We swear to yield them nev - er! Our
This - tle, Sham - rock, Rose en - twine The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
watch - word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

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THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

f Chorus.
The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God
ff
poco rit.
save our Queen, and heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

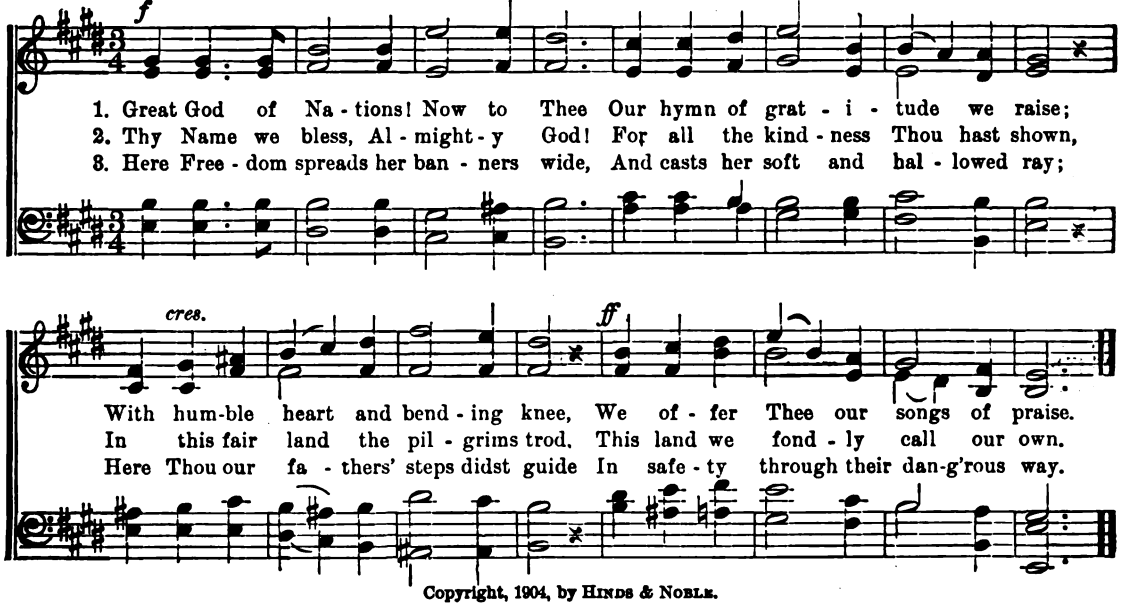
3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!—Cho

4 On merry England's far-famed land
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!—Cho.

GREAT GOD OF NATIONS!

(FOR THANKSGIVING.)

Music by James Hamilton Howe.


f
1. Great God of Na - tions! Now to Thee Our hymn of grat - i - tude we raise;
2. Thy Name we bless, Al - might - y God! For all the kind - ness Thou hast shown,
3. Here Free - dom spreads her ban - ners wide, And casts her soft and hal - lowed ray;
cres.
ff
With hum-ble heart and bend - ing knee, We of - fer Thee our songs of praise.
In this fair land the pil - grims trod, This land we fond - ly call our own.
Here Thou our fa - thers' steps didst guide In safe - ty through their dan-g'rous way.

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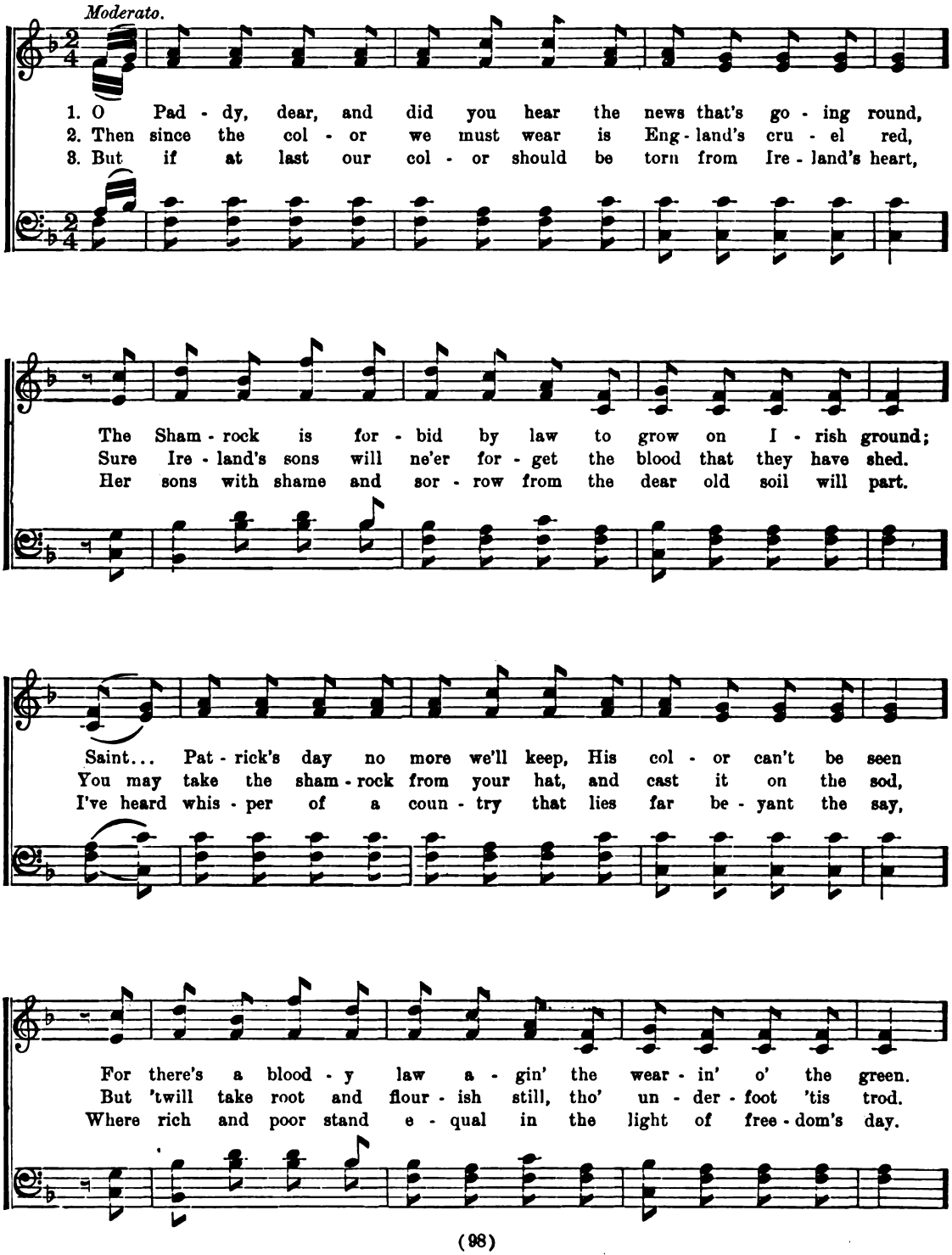
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(IRISH NATIONAL SONG)

Words by Dion Boucicault.


Moderato.
1. O Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round,
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red,
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,
The Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground;
Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
Her sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part.
Saint... Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen
You may take the sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
I've heard whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say,
For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod.
Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day.

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THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

I..... met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
O..... E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ire - - land, and how.... does she stand?"
And.... when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange, but hap - py land;
She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen;
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been,
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen,
They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.
And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green.

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MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

(NATIONAL SONG OF WALES.)

Harmonized by Joseph Barnby.

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
1. We - le goel - certh wen yn ffla - mio, A thaf - o - dau tân yn bloedd - io,
Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound?
Ar - i'r de - wrion ddod i da - ro, Un - waith et - o'n un;
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow - men;
Gan fanll - e - fau ty - wys - o - gion, Ll - ais gely - nion, trwst ar - fog - ion,
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
A charl - a - miad y march - o - gion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Ce - nir yn drag - y - wydd; Cym -

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MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, ... Yn glo - dus yn mysg gwle - dydd,
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Yn ng - wyn o - leuni'r gosel - certh acw, Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym - ro'n marw,
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
An - ni by - ni - aet', sydd yn galw, Am ei de - wraf dŷn.

2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow
Who would think of death or sorrow
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

2 *Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,*
Harlech! Harlech! cŵyd iw herlid;
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd
Llamant fel y lli!
Llwyddianti'n lluyddon!
Rwystro bâr yr estron!
Cwybod yn ei galon gaiff,
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
Y clêdd yn erbyn clêdd a chwery,
Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele fâner Gwalia'i fyny
Rhyddid aiff a hi!

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THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

1. O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
2. O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?
O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?
cres.
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up - on the throne;
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat is of plaid;
The bag - pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High - land lad.
But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

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THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

(GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.)

Words by Max Schneckenburger. **Music by Carl Wilhelm.**

1. A voice re-sounds like thun - der - peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel: "The
1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert-ge - klirr und Wo - gen - prall: Zum
Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! Who guards to - day my stream di - vine?"
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutsch-en Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein?
Chorus.
Dear Fa- ther- land! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa- ther- land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va - ter-land! magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und
sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.

3 To heav'n his eager glances fly,
Whence heroes gaze approvingly,
And swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine
Shall German be while life is mine!

4 While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

5 Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.

5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

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THE MARSEILLAISE.

(NATIONAL SONG OF FRANCE.)

Music by Rouget de L'Isle

Allegro marziale.
mf
cres.
1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
1. Al - lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé! Con - tre
ff
wives, and grand-sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be - hold their
nous de la ty-ran - ni - e L'é - ten-dard san-glant est le - vé! L'é - ten-dard
mp
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling
san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - dez - vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces
cres.
p
hosts a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie
fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus-que dans nos bras É - gor - ger nos fils, nos cam -
f
ff
pp
bleed - ing? To arms,... to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un - sheath! March
pa - gnes! Aux ar - - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez.... vos ba - tail - lons! Mar -

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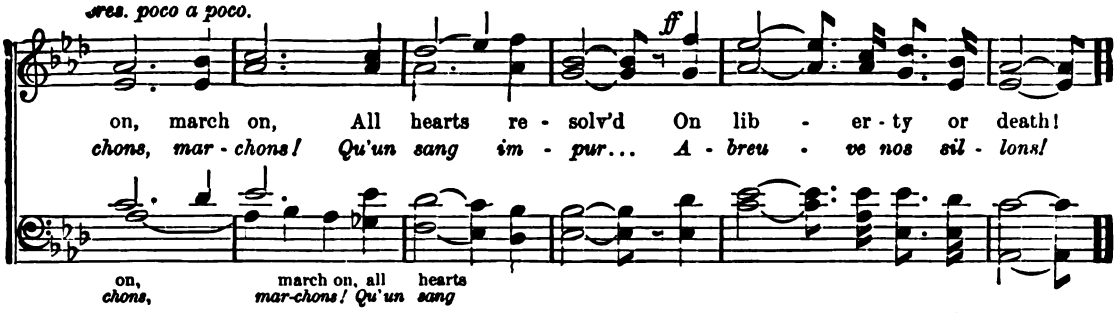
THE MARSEILLAISE.


cres. poco a poco.
ff
on, march on, All hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death!
chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang im - pur... A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!
on, march on, all hearts
chons, mar-chons! Qu'un sang

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

3 O Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
The blood-stained sword our conqu'rors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

2 *Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,*
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre,
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

3 *Nous entrerons dans la carrière*
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

RUSSIAN HYMN.

God save the noble Czar, Long may he live in power, In hap-pi-ness, in peace to reign.
Bo - she zar ia chrani, Ssill nyi der-shâw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wyi, na Sla wu nam.
Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.
Zarst wui na stach wra-gam Zar pra - wa sslaw nyi, Bo - - - she zar ia chra - ni.

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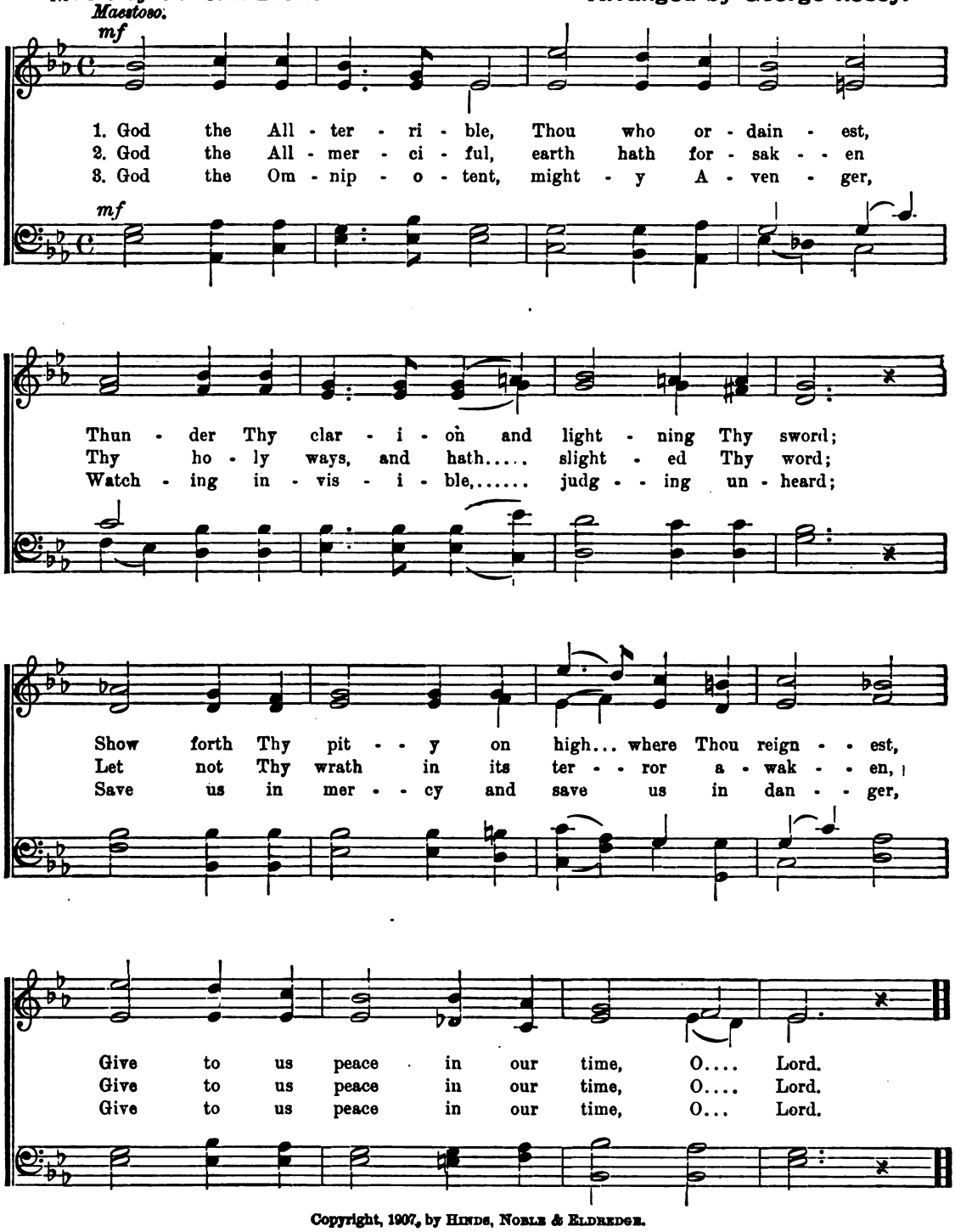
RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

...usic by General Lvoff. Arranged by George Rosey.


Maestoso.
mf
1. God the All - ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est,
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful, earth hath for - sak - - en
3. God the Om - nip - o - tent, might - y A - ven - ger,
mf
Thun - der Thy clar - i - on and light - ning Thy sword;
Thy ho - ly ways, and hath..... slight - ed Thy word;
Watch - ing in - vis - i - ble,..... judg - - ing un - heard;
Show forth Thy pit - - y on high... where Thou reign - - est,
Let not Thy wrath in its ter - - ror a - wak - - en,
Save us in mer - - cy and save us in dan - - ger,
Give to us peace in our time, O.... Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O.... Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O... Lord.

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AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Music by Joseph Haydn.

Maestoso.
1. God pre - serve our Franz, the Kai - ser! Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz!
1. Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!
Peace and pi - ty un - as - sum - ing, Near his throne, with love pre - side.
Lan - ge le - be Franz der Kai - ser In des Glü - ckes hell - stem Glanz!
On his shield are bright - ly beam - ing, Right and jus - tice, side by side.
Ihm er - blü - hen Lor - beer - rei - ser, Wo Er geht, zum Eh - ren - kranz!
God pre - serve to us the Kai - ser, Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz!
Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!

2 He with virtues thus adorned,
Hath an eye for human care;
Never o'er a people scorned,
Swingeth he the sword in air;
By their blessings won and warned,
All for them he'll do and dare.
‖: God preserve to us the Kaiser,
Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz! :‖

3 Chains of slavery he breaketh,
Upward raiseth freedom high!
Now the German land he maketh
Soon the highest, far or nigh!
And at last the chorus waketh
Him to immortality.
‖: God preserve to us the Kaiser,
Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz! :‖

2 *Lass von Seiner Fahnen Spitzen*
Strahlen Sieg und Fruchtbarkeit!
Lass in Seinem Rathe sitzen
Weisheit, Klugheit, Redlichkeit;
Und mit Seiner Hoheit Blitzen
Schalten nur Gerechtigkeit!
‖: *Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,*
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz! :‖

3 *Ströme deiner Gaben Fülle*
Über Ihn, Sein Haus und Reich!
Brich der Bosheit Macht, enthülle
Jeden Schelm und Buben-Streich!
Dein Gesetz sey stetz Sein Wille,
Dieser uns Gesetzen gleich.
‖: *Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,*
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz! :‖

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SPANISH NATIONAL SONG.

Allegro.
How wretch-ed is the an - guish Of slaves who are in fet - ters bound, Each
day they hope - less lan - guish In mis - 'ry most pro - found. Oh, pa - - tri - ot
brave,..... green shall be thy ho - ly grave, If life..... you
give..... Spain's fair realm to save..... Then rush to take the field,..... For
Spaniards, ne'er to foe - men yield! Then rush to take the field,..... For Spaniards ne'er' to

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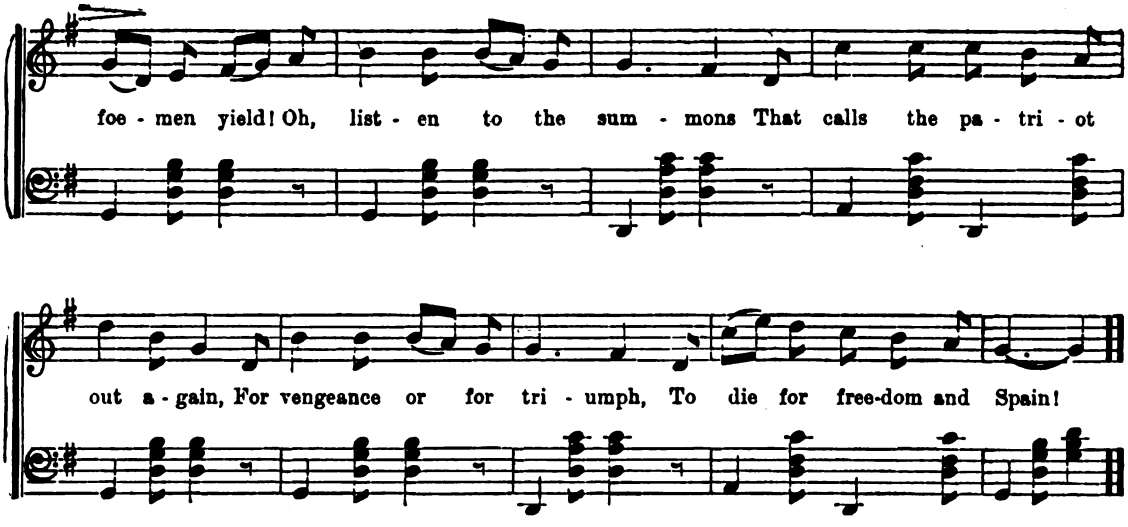
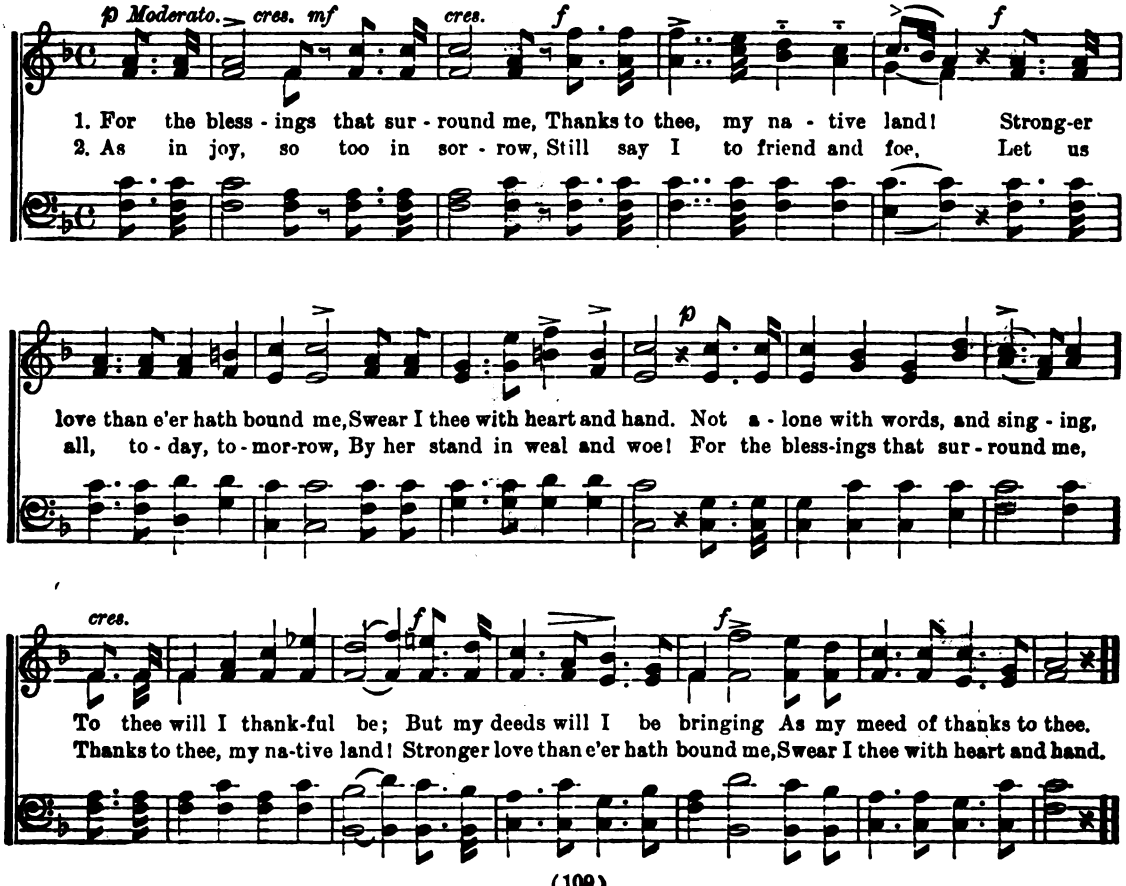
SPANISH NATIONAL SONG.


foe - men yield! Oh, list - en to the sum - mons That calls the pa - tri - ot
out a - gain, For vengeance or for tri - umph, To die for free-dom and Spain!

MY NATIVE LAND.

Music by Franz Abt.


p Moderato.
cres.
mf
cres.
f
f
1. For the bless - ings that sur - round me, Thanks to thee, my na - tive land! Strong-er
2. As in joy, so too in sor - row, Still say I to friend and foe, Let us
love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand. Not a - lone with words, and sing - ing,
all, to - day, to - mor-row, By her stand in weal and woe! For the bless-ings that sur - round me,
p
cres.
f
f
To thee will I thank-ful be; But my deeds will I be bringing As my meed of thanks to thee.
Thanks to thee, my na-tive land! Stronger love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand.

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NORWEGIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Words and music by R. Nordraak.

f Tempo di marcia.
1. Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion Nor - way's moun - tain domes,
2. Peas - ants all their ax - es bright - ened, Read - y for the foe;
Ris - ing storm-lashed o'er the o - cean, With their thou - sand homes;
Tor - den skjold in bat - tle light - en'd Set the land a - glow.
p
Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing Thoughts to fa - thers grand, And to
E - ven wo - men did as - sem - ble On the blood - y plain, Oth - ers
cres.
f
Sa - ga night that's send - ing Dreams up - on our land, And to
could but weep and trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in vain, Oth - ers
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.
Sa - ga night that's send - ing, Send - ing, send - ing Dreams up - on our land.
could but weep and trem - ble, Trem - ble, trem-ble, Yet 'twas not in vain.
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.
send - ing dreams up - on our land.
trem - ble, yet 'twas not in vain.

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CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

(SWEDISH NATIONAL HYMN.)

Music by Du Puy.

1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home - ward re - turn - ing; Each
1. Carl Jo - han, vår Kung, Han kom som från höj - den. O
heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
sjun - gom i fröj - den Båd gam - mal och ung! Han tryg - ga - de
tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
Thro - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gjor - de vår Kung!

2 Ha! when our brave King
In battle is leading,
To fame we are speeding!
His praises we'll sing.
‖: In peace he is glorious,
In war he's victorious,
Charles John, our brave King! :‖

3 All hail, O dear King!
Thou raisest thy nation
From all tribulation,
And plenty dost bring.
‖: Our cares thou dost lighten,
Our homes thou dost brighten,
All hail, O dear King! :‖

4 Long live our brave King!
That, free from oppression,
In freedom's possession,
To him we may sing.
‖: 'Mongst kings thou art peerless,
Of heroes most fearless,
Long live our brave King! :‖

2 *O följom vår Kung,*
J krigiska tider,
Till modiga strider,
Båd gammal och ung!
‖: *Han vet föra svärdet*
Men känner dock värdet
Af friden, vår Kung. :‖

3 *Välsignom vår Kung!*
Han ryckt oss ur nöden,
Till sällare öden
Båd gammal och ung.
‖: *Han bär för vår smärta*
Ett faderligt hjerta,
Välsignom vår Kung. :‖

4 *O lefve vår Kung,*
Till frihetens hägrad,
Till innerlig fägnad
För gammal och ung!
‖: *Bland Kungar den Förste,*
Bland Hjeltar den Störste,
O lefve vår Kung! :‖

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KING CHRISTIAN.

(NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.)

Words by Johannes Evald.

Music by Johann Hartmann.
Arranged by George Rosey.

Marziale.
1. King Chris - tian stood by lof - ty mast, In mist and smoke; His
2. Nils Juel gave heed to tem - pest's roar; Now is the hour! He
3. Path of the Dane to fame and might: Dark roll - ing wave! Re-
sword was ham - mer - ing so fast, Through Goth - ic helm and
hoist - ed his red flag once more, And smote up - on the
ceive thy friend, who, scorn - ing flight, Goes forth to dan - ger
brain it pass'd; Then sank each hos - tile hulk and mast, In mist and smoke.
foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro' tem - pest's roar, "Now is the hour!"
with de-spite, And proud as thou the tem - pest's might, Dark roll - ing wave!
"Fly!" shout - ed they, "fly, he who can! Who braves of Den - mark's
"Fly!" shout - ed they, "for shel - ter fly! Of Den - mark's Juel who
And 'mid all plea - sures and a - larms, And war and vic - t'ry,
Chris - ti - an, Who braves of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an The stroke?"
can de - fy, Of Den - mark's Juel who can de - fy The pow'r?"
be thine arms, And war and vic - t'ry, be thine arms My grave.

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HOLLAND'S NATIONAL HYMN.

Translated by Julian O. Schultz.

1. Who boasts of true Hol - land - ish blood, Whose heart ab - hors the wrong, May
1. Wien Neêr - lands bloed door de a - ders vloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten vry; Wiens
join our good - ly bro - ther-hood, May join our fes - tive song. Our man - ly voi - ces
heart voor Land and Kon - ing gloeit, Ver - heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve
let us raise And take him by the hand, And sing the hon - or
reend van zin, Met on - be - klem - de borst, Het rond and har - tig
and the praise Of our dear Fa - ther - land, Of our dear Fa - ther - land.
fest - lied in Voor Va - der - land and Vorst, Voor Va - der - land and Vorst.

2 And God upon His heavenly throne,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Will listen to our heartfelt tune
Now and for evermore.
Next, after the celestial choir,
A kindly ear He'll lend,
Accept and grant our ardent prayer
||: For the dear Fatherland! :||

3 O God, protect our brotherhood!
The land, so fair and free,
Where once our little cradle stood,
And where our grave shall be!
O God, from whom all mercies flow,
We pray, Thy loving hand
A thousand blessings will bestow
||: Upon our Fatherland. :||

2 *De Godheid op haar hemel troon,*
Bezongen en vereerd,
Houdt gunstig vok naar onzen toon
Het heilig oor gekeerd.
Zy geeft het eerst, na't zalig koor,
That hooger znaren spant,
Het rond en hartig hed gehoor
||: *Voor Vorst and Vaderland!* :||

3 *Bescherm, O God, bewaak de grond*
Waarop onz' adem gaat!
Deplek waar onze wieg op stond,
Waar eens ons graf opstaat!
Wy smeeken, van uw' Vaderhand,
Met diepgeroerde borst,
Behoud voor't lieve Vaderland
||: *For Vaderland and Vorst.* :||

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POLISH HYMN.

Music by Sowinski.

1. Broth-ers, Po - land is in need, To your stand - ard ral - ly; Faith - ful be in
1. Jesz - cze Pols - ka, nie - zgi - ne - ta, kie - dy my zy - je - my Co nam ob - ca
word and... deed, God shall be our al - ly. And a he - ro mer - i - to - rious
przez moc - wzie Ta sza bla oc bie - rze - my. Juz Skrzynec - ki nam-dow - od - zi
Will our guide and cap - tain be; He will ren - der us vic - to - rious,
juz wre wal ka sro - ga. Pols - ka, wol - na - sie o - dro - dzi
He will grant us lib - er - ty. And a he - ro mer - i - to - rious Shall our guide and captain
bo po - bi - jem wro - ga. Juz Skrzynec - ki nam-dow-od zi juz wre juz wre wal ka

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POLISH HYMN.

2 Our oppressor's wrath to brave,
We will fight or perish;
From his cruel grasp to save
The dear land we cherish.
For a hero, etc.

3 The white eagle's glorious flight
Shows us the direction,
He will grant us in the fight,
Victory and protection.
And a hero, etc.

2 *Juz car parwal za miecz krwawy,*
Juz krew polska plynie;
Lecz lud wolnej broniac sprawy
Zwyciezy lub zginie.
Gdy Skrzynecki, etc.

3 *Wzniés sie wiec w dawnej swietnosci*
Drogi orle biały,
A wnet w szczesciu i wolnosci,
Ujrzys narodcały.
Juz Skrzynecki, etc.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Words by Thomas Moore. **Music by Molly Astore.**

Andante. 1st verse pp, 2d verse ff.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells ; The chord, a - lone, that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled ;.... So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells : ... Thus Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The
p
glo-ry's thrill is o'er ;... And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
on - ly throb she gives... Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.
p

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HUNGARIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Music by Franz Erkel. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Andante.

mf
f
1. Bless our land with gladness, Let a - bun-dance here be found, Lend Thine aid
2. Hail the land which our sires No - bly held for freedom's sake; In the storm
ff
in dark-ness, When her foes are gath-'ring round; Hun - ga - ry, in days of yore,
gath-'ring o'er Their ex - am - ple we must take; Peace shall in our homes re - main,
dim.
Thou hadst sor - row deep and sore, Which thy sons full brave - ly bore, Thy
Lib - er - ty full pow'r at - tain, Hun - ga - ry her strength re - gain When
free-dom to re - store; Which thy sons full brave - ly bore, Thy freedom to re - store.
free-dom comes to reign; Hun - ga - ry her strength re-gain When freedom comes to reign.

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